# THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS---$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1862. NO. 36.


[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

## A RESPONSE

### TO THE CALL FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN.

BY MRS. F. B. M. BROTHERSON.

We come—three hundred thousand strong,
A brave and patriot band—
Each with a strong, undaunted heart,
Each with a good right hand.
Awake the notes of martial tone,
Sound forth the pealing drum;
For with a sure and fearless step,
We come—we come—we come.

We come—our country to sustain,
Its foemen to subdue,
To bear aloft, with deathless might,
Our own "red, white, and blue."
Our hands shall plant on many a height,
The glorious stripes and stars,
Unresting till not one dark stain
Their peerless beauty mars.

We come—with souls prepared to stand,
In many a conflict dire,
With vengeful missiles round us thrown,
Amid war's hostile fire,
No mercy ours for traitor foes,
As face to face we stand,—
God! smile upon the onward way
Of our devoted band.

We come—although beloved lips
Grow pale, with keenest pain—
Although we never may look upon
The eyes we love again;
Though sobbing farewells throng our path,
And tears bedew our way,
Though clinging hands enfold our own,
We may not—cannot stay.

And thus we take our onward march,
Resolved to do or die,
We vow it on our country's shrine,
'Tis registered on high;
We vow, no fear nor change to know,
While lives a hostile van;
We vow to stand—if needs to fall,
Where "man doth die for man."

We come—we come with eager hearts,
With banners waving free;
We bear with sweeping pinion too,
The bird of victory.
Look down the long and glittering ranks,
A vast and mighty throng—
One aim—one thought—one purpose theirs,
Three hundred thousand strong!

*Peoria, Illinois.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

## MOMENTS OF SADNESS.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

Why droopest thou, my lily fair?
Why dost thou fade?
Have I not cherished thee with care?
Have I not placed the where the summer air
Around thee played?
Sweet lily! droop not now—thou hast
For me a charm
So very sweet that I would have it last.
Fade not! 'tis vain! I see thee drooping fast
In Death's cold arm.

No matter! 'Tis the same with all
I love. The tie
That binds me to them breaks. They fall
Like snow-flakes from a cloud, when fate doth call,
And fading—die!

## AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

## VIOLA VENNOND;

### OR, LIFE ON THE BORDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS, ESQ.

[Copyright secured according to act of Congress.]

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRAPPER'S DEATH.

"Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you; For herein fortune shows herself more kind Than is her custom."

As soon as Wandaught understood what was wanted, he sprang without hesitation upon the wall, his fine muscular form standing out in relief against the sky. Seth, out of curiosity, looked over, and seeing that Redzel held his rifle in his hand, whispered:

"Jim, make him drop that gun before you talk to him."

"You'd better do't, Jim," added Vic.

"Sartinly, friend, don't stand that," joined Carson, and Summerfield also said:

"For Heaven's sake, Wandaught, don't run into such danger as that."

But Wandaught, instead of receiving these friendly warnings as he would at any other time, appeared slightly touched and displeased that all should offer advice to him, and, without following their entreaties, simply returned:

"Sam wouldn't do nothin' mean to me."

The others said nothing at this, and the trapper turned his face toward Redzel and demanded:

"Wal, Sam, what you want of me?"

"Jim, I wants to ax one favor."

"Wal, out with it, and if I kin give it, I will."

"In the fust place, me and you are old friends, ain't we?"

"In course, and I hope we allers will be."

"We've been together considerable lit'."

"That's the fact, and I've done you some good turns, hain't I?"

"Yeah; and I've allers felt good 'eal of gratertude fur it."

"Glad to hear it."

"And I don't want to quarrel with yer, Jim, nuther."

"Nor me with you; but what's yer favor you've been talkin' 'bout?"

"Wal, Jim, bein' you'n me are such fast friends, I wants to ask yer if ye won't do yer best to put that gal and Crooked Pegs in my hands! Cuss it! I'm tired of waitin'; I mought as well had her the last two, three days and nights I've been here."

There was a suppressed laugh from those behind Wandaught when they heard this. He answered:

"Sam, I want to ask yer one favor."

"Wal, what is't, my ole friend?"

"I don't want yer to ever ax me that agin."

"Why don't yer want that ax'd?"

"'Cause it won't do no good."

"What! won't yer grant me that little favor!"

"Why, Sam, would it be the right thing?"

"Ar yer goin' ter grant it?" he interrupted, impetuously.

"I told you no, fur if I did—"

Wandaught's words were interrupted at this point by the sharp crack of a rifle, and, placing his hand to his breast, he stepped quietly down, saying:

"I'm done for, boys!"

As they saw the deathly ghastliness of his face, and the crimson blood dribbling through his fingers, they understood all. Summerfield sprang forward, and, catching him in his arms, asked, what he knew was the truth:

"My God! Wandaught, are you shot?"

"Yas; I've got my last shot; but don't make any fuss over it. It can't be helped."

And the trapper, refusing all assistance, seated himself upon his blanket, and reclining a second, finally lay down with one hand beneath his head, as though he were sleeping. During the movement, a sharp cloud of pain brushed over his features, and his hand was displaced from the wound in his breast. A steaming gush of blood bubbled out when it was removed, and he vainly endeavored to stay it. Vennond and Summerfield sprang forward and did their best to assist him.

When the fatal shot was given, Carson and Vannoven knew its meaning, and both sprang up to return it. But Redzel had caught a rifle from a savage standing by, and several muzzles were waiting them, so that they were unable to remain in view long enough to even aim at him. Seeing this, they withdrew, and, with all the others, gathered around Wandaught, who was fast dying.

Viola had sprung forward with her father, and lifting the head of Wandaught from the jagged rock, placed it in her lap, removed his rough cap, and brushing the matted hair from his forehead, kissed it, and asked, with streaming eyes:

"Are you dying? O, say you are not!"

He looked up with a grateful smile—a smile that gave divine beauty to his countenance—and endeavored to speak. But the blood commenced gurgling in his throat, and as he began spitting it his utterance was stopped. The father answered:

"He will die, dear, in a few moments. No earthly power can save him."

Viola, with her father and Summerfield, did all that could be done for the dying man. The others, seeing that their assistance was not needed, stood in mournful silence, gazing upon the affecting scene. Seth was leaning against the wall, and had not stirred or uttered a word since the shot had been given. His face was as pale and bloodless as Wandaught's, and his fixed eyes, set teeth and clenched hands, showed that some powerful passion was burning in his breast. The Hoosier was a few feet from him, his jaws forcibly set upon a piece of tobacco, and as motionless as himself. Of course it could not be expected that he should feel such grief as the others. Kit Carson and Vic stood side by side, each leaning upon his rifle, and each looking at the face of Wandaught.

In a few moments, his throat cleared and his voice returned.

"Boys, I've got to leave yer, but I don't feel very sorry, 'cause all of us must go some time, and it don't make so much difference when it is. I didn't think Sam would shoot me; but I orter minded ye. I feel ruther hurt, but it'll soon be done with—"

His voice was checked, and he vomited a frightful quantity of blood. The shot had passed through one lung, and the rapid change that spread over his countenance showed how fearfully swift dissolution was going on. He breathed with much difficulty, and lay a long time with half-closed eyes, over which the film of death had already began to settle. Viola continued wiping the damp from his forehead, vainly endeavoring to keep back the overwhelming grief of her heart. Vennond held his wrist in his hand, watching his face as he felt the pulse grow weaker and more fitful each moment. Summerfield held a bandage to his wound. But it was already soaked with blood that was dripping over his own person. Seth had not yet stirred, and the others remained in the same position.

Suddenly, Wandaught's eyelids slowly opened to their fullest extent, and he arose to the sitting position, and gazed with an awful wildness around him. Then that serenity that sometimes precedes death came over him, and he met each look with a faint smile of recognition.

"Wandaught, have you anything that you would wish to have done after your death? Have you any friends that you would wish might be informed of this? Have you any desire at all that we can gratify?" asked Summerfield, tenderly looking in his face. He shook his head.

"No; I hain't got no brother nor sister, nor father or mother in this world. I kindy think I will see my good old mother in the place where I am going. Don't know. I hope so."

"Wandaught," proceeded Summerfield from an urgent sense of duty, "do you think of that God whom you so soon must meet? Do you not feel a burden on your soul at this dying hour?"

"Yas, I do. I never knowed much about that God that you have told me of, George, but I've often prayed to some One that I could feel was watchin' me, and I've bin askin' him now to take care of my old soul. Vily, won't you pray for me?"

A tear started to every eye at this simple request of the trapper. Viola bent her head close to his, and in a sweet, half-whisper, just loud enough to be heard in Heaven and by the dying man himself, uttered an earnest prayer. As she ceased, those standing by saw a lurid circle gather on Wandaught's face, and a wondrous color pass over it.

"I am goin'," said he, cheerfully. "I feel, oh! so glad, I can't tell nothin' 'bout it. I'll jist have time to bid you all good-bye. This will be the fust and last time I ever shook hands," he added, with a faint smile, as he extended his hand to Vennond.

"Good-bye, I haven't knowed you long, but long 'nough to see you're good. We'll meet agin."

Vennond would have held the hand longer, but he knew how close death was, and, like a true gentleman, he relinquished it to Gavin, after returning a hopeful good-bye to him.

"Good-bye, friend, meet me too."

"Good-bye," answered the Hoosier, stepping back, as though terrified at this near approach of the grim monster himself. Carson took his hand next.

"Good-bye, Kit. You're a great hunter. O, be a *good* one."

Carson made no answer, but was much affected. Wandaught then took Summerfield's:

"A long farewell to you, George. You're *good*. You've often talked to me 'bout my soul, and it hasn't been all for nothin' neither. May you and Vily live long together; you war born fur each other. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Jim. I am glad that you are thus happy. I'll never forget you. Our farewell will not be so very long either."

Wandaught cast his eyes toward Seth, who started, and approached him.

"Seth," said he, "will you forgive me for the manner I've treated yer?"

"O, Jim! don't talk so!" answered he, putting both hands to his face and crying like a child. "You never treated me bad. Good-bye! good-bye!"

And he seized his hand, shook it impetuously, and ran to his place at the rock, where he seated himself; and, as the big tears rolled through his fingers, and his frame shook like an aspen, they showed how great his grief was.

"And, Vic, we must part, and will it be forever?" he asked, with touching earnestness, as he took Vannoven's hand and their eyes met.

"I hope not," returned he, in a choking voice.

"So do I. We've bin together a good 'eal, and maybe, one these days, Vic, we'll trap together agin whar thar'll be no such fellers as Redzel to hinder us. It's sorter hard to leave yer, Vic; but if I's sure of seein' you agin I wouldn't care. When I'm gone, you keep my shooter to remember me; and, boys, put me in the ground here, by this rock. Good-bye, Vic."

The two closed hands, and each turned their heads. Vannoven never saw him again in this world. He stepped away, carefully shading his face, but his herculean strength and will could not conceal his terrible emotion.

"And now, Vily, a good-bye to you. I have died for you, but I would die agin a hundred times fur such a dear, sweet, little creature. Once in awhile think of old Wandaught, when he's gone, and when you sit up above ax to see me the fust one. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. O!—"

She could say no more, but returned the strong grasp of the rough hand that held hers. Her eyes were full of scalding, blinding tears. She felt the pressure suddenly increase, and as she cleared her vision, she gazed into Wandaught's eyes. And thus, with their eyes upon each other, without the slightest stir, except from one or two sobbing around, without a word from any one, the soul of the trapper departed.

Departed, we fondly believe, for a better region than it left. Had Jim Wandaught been as are generally those of his class—had he deferred calling upon his Maker until the eleventh hour, we might doubt it. But it was not thus with him. Little did he know of God and his attributes, as we understand him; never since a mere child had he visited a house of worship; yet, in the great wilderness, with no human being near, he had seen and felt an invisible Power, and his simple heart had gone up in earnest adoration. In the silent midnight hour he had lain and watched the gorgeous constellations of Heaven, and felt that the same Power held them in their places. In the wild perils of his life, something told him that his preservation was due to no strength of his own; and the memory of a sainted mother, that had told him, away back in the sinless days of childhood, of a wonderful region of happiness that he might visit at some time, had never been forgotten. His hand had more than once been restrained by no will of his own, and the gentle voice of conscience was ever heard. And we repeat, that we believe his spirit is at this moment within that glorious clime.

His ideas of Heaven were quaint and simple. He believed it a place where he should again live in the flesh—a place where the beaver and otter flourished, and where he should meet his old friends and hunt again for many, many long years. He imagined that the few who reached it from the "States" would be furnished with another clime, and never disturb his; yet believed he would be permitted to roam where he pleased, and visit theirs as often as he chose.

Summerfield and Vennond were the only ones beside Viola who saw him die. She did not realize it, and looked up inquiringly to her father, as she saw how filmy and glassy Wandaught's eyes had become.

"He is dead," he answered, softly.

Then she gently lifted his head from her lap, and Summerfield and her father carried the inanimate form to the wall, and there depositing him tenderly upon his blanket, covered his form with another, and, without speaking, turned to Carson and Vannoven to see what was to be done next. The latter had choked back his grief, and there was a terrible calmness upon his features.

"Sam Redzel must pay for that," he replied, in a tone that was awful from deep meaning. He then turned to Carson and conversed in a half whisper for a moment, and it was evident from their appearance that they had agreed upon the course to pursue.

During this time, Seth had stood with his arms folded over the muzzle of his rifle, gazing stoically at the covering of Wandaught. Suddenly he turned around and spoke:

"Boys, I've one favor to ask of you. Jim was my friend. Sam Redzel has killed him, and swore that he'll have my life too. The first chance you see to shoot that viper, let me know. Let me do it, and that will be all I ask."

All promised that his wish should be gratified. On the side of the wall toward the savages were several orifices that were large enough to admit the barrel of a rifle, yet they were so irregular, and the wall was of such thickness, that the position of the gun could be raised but slightly. They had been constructed, it seemed, for the purpose of firing upon an enemy at some distance. As the savages were now congregated, they stood before this, and at the very point where a shot could be made to reach them. The Hoosier placed himself before one of the apertures and gazed intently upon them. It was hardly five minutes before he turned and exclaimed:

"Har's yer chance!"

Seth sprang forward and peered through. There, directly before his vision, he saw Sam Redzel standing and pointing toward the rock, and gesticulating madly, as though giving directions to his savage allies. With hardly the slightest quiver, he pushed his rifle through, and, dropping upon his knee, took deliberate aim at the villain's breast. Every breath was held as his finger pressed the trigger. Seth fired quickly, and waited to see its effect. His nerves, in spite of his forced calmness, were somewhat unsteady, and the shot was not as good as he expected.

Yet it was mortal! As the smoke cleared away, he saw Redzel stagger a moment, fling his arms wildly above him, and, with a half howl and shriek, and an awful oath, pitch forward upon his face! He saw this, as did the others, and, with a calmness that was certainly singular, to say the least, he drew back silently and, turning to Vannoven, his rifle forth, loud enough to be heard, said, in tones scarcely above a whisper:

"I've killed him! What are you going to do next?"

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

"And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath."

"And I will maintain, on my honor,
That never by poet was told
A fight half so worthy of mention,
Since those which the annals of old
Record as the wonderful doings
Of knights and of Paladins bold."

"We're goin' to kill the rest," returned Vic. "Sposen we imbibe, friend."

The Hoosier produced his exhaustless flask, and each took a long draught of its fiery contents. Vannoven then stepped to the opposite side, and, with the assistance of Carson, rolled a large stone from its place. This done, he spoke:

"We must hop down thar and make a rush. See that yer knives and shootin' irons are ready."

All signified their readiness, and, without more words, Vic dropped silently to the earth. Then came Carson, followed by Gavin, Vennond, Seth and Summerfield. The latter paused a moment to speak to Viola. He assured her that the deciding blow had been given in the death of Redzel, and they were going to but finish the work, and that there was no fears of the result. He then leaped over.

The leadership, by mutual consent, had been given to Carson. He stood as calm and collected as though he were no Avenger! Gazing around upon each, he spoke in that low musical voice of his:

"See that all is right. Blaze away as soon as you see 'em. Now!"

As he uttered the last word, he bounded away, and almost simultaneously six human forms shot around the rock, six rifles were discharged, and as many savages rolled writhing in their own blood! Then, like as many crazed animals, they bounded over the intervening ground, and in an instant were among their enemies raging like lions over their prey.

The battle was short, but so terrible that no pen can describe it. The savages, instead of withdrawing upon the fall of their leader, maintained their ground with determined obstinacy; and, at the moment the six whites burst upon them, were preparing for another attempt to dislodge the fugitives. The onslaught of the latter was so sudden that it was fatal. They were thrown into confusion, yet, in spite of it, made a bold stand, and struggled with the fury of desperation.

And thus it was contested, and thus it was gained. No earthly power could have withstood that charge of the whites. Seth Potter was so insane with excitement that he could never recall the slightest incident of the fight after hearing the command of Kit Carson. He grasped a savage the first one, and slew him as he would an infant, then sprang into the air with a yell, and brandishing his rifle over his head, leaped upon another and bore him to the ground. Thus he fought, impelled by the uncontrollable passion that was burning him up.

Vennond and Summerfield remained side by side, and fought with more coolness than any, yet there was a fierceness about their movements that never possessed them before or since.

The Hoosier went at it like some ponderous machine, working wildly from the excess of power that was driving him forward. He seemed to push instead of strike, and pull instead of jerk, yet no obstruction or impediment could avail against his irresistible strength. He appeared actually at times to crush and break the Indians in two! And all the time his huge jaw continued regularly closing upon an enormous mouthful of tobacco, and once or twice he ejected large quantities of juice in the face of his struggling victim!

Vic Vannoven, for the time being, was a demon in his fury. The first blow he made, he drove his knife through and through the body of an Indian; and, as it slipped from his grasp, he wheeled himself around and brought a blow with such force in the face of another, that it was absolutely crushed to a jelly! A terrific kick sent another a dozen feet, doubled up like a knot in his agony; and, as he drew his other knife, he plunged deliriously at the others. His simple grasp appeared sufficient to mash the very bones of his enemies, and not a savage could stand for an instant before the raging madman.

And yet Kit Carson, the small, gentlemanly agent at Santa Fe, performed more incredible wonders than this! There was not the wild impetuosity in his movements that characterized those of Vannoven; but there was an inconceivable celerity and quickness, more fatal in its results than his. He fought with a knife in either hand, leaping in every direction with an agility that was astonishing, and unequalled by the others.

There is a feat that is sometimes performed by the trappers in the West upon horseback, yet few indeed are those who ever acquire the necessary dexterity to accomplish it. The trapper, in making his charge, takes a knife in each hand, and, lowering his head, urges his horse directly between two savages, and in the passage slays them both! Very few indeed can do this, and yet Kit Carson did it on foot! At two separate times he slew two of his enemies at the same instant.

Such terrible slaughter could not last long. In a few moments the remaining savages broke and fled. Eight only were able to avail themselves of this resource, and it availed these nothing. As they leaped away, they were followed by Carson, the Hoosier and Vannoven, who slaughtered them as they ran!

Summerfield, Vennond and Seth halted and drew breath, as they saw not an Indian upon his feet. All were stretched before them, either dead or dying!

When they had rested, Summerfield arose and gazed after his companions; but the pursuit of the Indians had carried them beyond his sight, and he proposed to the others to await their return upon the rock. As they were starting, Seth said:

"Boys, I don't see that Redzel around here. Can't be he's run off with the others, and if he hasn't, where is he?"

They examined each form, and true enough indeed was it that Redzel was gone! All were puzzled to account for this. Seth, in his opinion of the villain, really believed the Evil One had assisted him bodily away. Summerfield, indeed, feared that Redzel had escaped, and that all trouble with him was not yet over.

Full of these feelings, the three approached the rock. Viola stood waiting them, and had witnessed all of the fearful contest. She had seen the flight of the savages and the pursuit, and knew that none of her friends had been slain. Yet the awful groans that reached her ears, and the terrible scenes she saw, prevented anything like a joyous feeling. She indeed was glad that the savages had been routed, but mourned deeply that it was accomplished by *annihilation* only.

As Summerfield passed around the rock, he recoiled with shivering horror at the sight that met his gaze. There, stretched upon the earth, lay the still gasping form of Redzel! He was bleeding profusely from the wound that Seth had given him. He had stopped the flow with his hand until he reached the rock, against which he crept, hoping to die without being seen by any one. Singularly enough, his wound was nearly in the same place as Wandaught's, varying enough only to prolong his torture. His hands and clothes were dabbled in his blood, and there was a ghastly horror in his appearance that was awful!

As his rolling eyes met those of the others, a sudden pang of the acutest torture shot over his features. All feelings of hatred or revenge were driven from the hearts of the observers as they gazed upon this sickening spectacle. Summerfield felt for the miserable wretch, and approached and asked, in a sympathizing tone:

"Can I do anything for you, Redzel?"

He made a strong effort to speak, but his mouth was too full of blood, and only a gurgling moan escaped him. He, however, motioned feebly with his left hand for Summerfield to remove his right, which was lying beneath him. He raised him tenderly, and as he pulled the hand forth, the dying wretch, gathering his strength, struck savagely at the breast of his friend, passing so close as to cut his garment! Seeing that he had failed, he fell back, with a half uttered oath that sent the blood from his mouth in every direction, and gave up in despair.

"Kill the infernal snake!" exclaimed Seth, clubbing his rifle, and raising it to brain him upon the spot. Summerfield caught his arm.

"You are saved that trouble. He is dead!" Such was the case, and how different had it been from Wandaught's!

"He is with his Maker," said Vennond, solemnly. "We have nothing more to do with him."

They then ascended the rock, where Viola was anxiously awaiting them. She had seen Redzel crawling painfully toward, and had known, although she could not witness, that he had died near her.

As they reached the top of the rock, they looked out, and far away could see Vannoven returning. But he was alone, on horseback, and leading four others. This occasioned much wonderment, and none could account for it, except by the supposition that Carson and his companion were returning at some distance behind. But when Vic reined up beneath them, no other person was in sight.

"Where's Carson and Gavin?" asked Summerfield, looking down upon him.

"Half way to Independence by this time. Kit came 'cross some fellers, who said he was wanted most blastedly out thar, and he 'cluded to start without waitin' for us."

In the attack, there had been a stampede of the animals belonging to the Indians, and they were flying over the prairie in every direction. The Hoosier secured a couple upon which he and Carson continued their pursuit. Vic also secured one, upon which he was enabled to capture several others, and with which, as has been shown, he returned.

"Well," continued Summerfield, "how soon shall we leave?"

"Right off."

"We must bury Wandaught, you know, first."

At this Vic dismounted and, securing his animals, ascended the rock. The form of the dead trapper was then lifted and borne gently down, followed by Viola. After a few minutes consultation, it was determined to bury him within a few feet of where he had been slain. Accordingly all set to work, and, with much labor, scooped out a grave sufficiently deep to contain him. Into this he was placed, and, while the others bowed their heads in sorrow and reverence, Summerfield knelt and uttered a petition to high Heaven. This done, they commenced covering his body, and, as in a few minutes it was hid from their sight, not one could repress the tears that rose to his eyes. Not a word was spoken as the earth was packed over him, and when finished they turned toward Vannoven.

"Now git on," said he, "and let's leave this place."

"Wait a minute," said Summerfield, "let us give Redzel a burial also. We shall never regret it."

As he spoke, he passed around the base of the rock, and the others instinctively followed. Vic gave a perceptible start when he saw the frightful appearance the dead body presented. All set to work vigorously, and in a short time another grave was dug, into which Vennond and Summerfield deposited the form of Redzel. Neither Seth nor Vic would touch it.

And now occurred a most singular and unaccountable circumstance. Just as they stepped back to throw the earth again into the grave, all were startled by hearing the angry warning of the rattlesnake.

"Jump, boys," called Vic, "thar he comes!"

All sprang away, and as they gazed back they saw a monstrous rattlesnake, nearly black in its hue, and whose swelling body seemed covered with glittering scales, slowly gliding from beneath the rock, and, with head erect, approaching him! All ran a short distance, and stood ready to shoot the reptile, and yet pausing through some peculiar feeling that took possession of them. What was their horror at seeing the animal, instead of coming nearer, suddenly dart into the grave of Redzel and coil himself around the body! They approached him, and he gave a warning rattle again, rearing his head in rage; but, without waiting, the others fired, sending several bullets through its neck and head. The contortions of the snake, though terrible, did not remove his body, and when he gasped out his life he was still lying upon the breast of Redzel.

"Bury them together," said Seth, "they're good companions."

"The idea is too horrible," replied Summerfield, placing the point of his rifle beneath the reptile and flinging him forth. The animal was dead, yet there was an involuntary motion in several parts of the body, and, as if to add unearthly horror to the scene, Seth affirmed that it resembled Redzel's dying movements!

This unpleasant duty finished, the company now made ready to take their leave of a place that had been so prolific with misery to them. No prayer was said over Redzel, for Summerfield felt that it would have been mockery to attempt it.

It was now near noon, and, without waiting to partake of any food, the company were soon *en route* for the States. Vic had found a good quantity of meat among the savages, which he hesitated not to appropriate to the use of his friends, so that there was nothing to fear in that direction.

When they departed, they turned their backs upon a heart-sickening scene. Scattered over a large surface of the prairie, were lying over a score of bodies, cut and mangled in every conceivable manner! There they were to lie until torn asunder by fierce animals, or until they had rotted beneath the blazing sun and chilly weather!

The weather continued pleasant through the day, being warm toward noon, and sometimes quite cold at evening, and they made good progress. At night they camped upon the open prairie, and all except Vic, who was sentinel, slept soundly. In the morning they shaped their course more in a northeast direction, so that, by the middle of the day, they struck the Great Oregon Trail. It had been travelled so slightly of late that none except Vic knew when they had reached it; and he and Wandaught were the only ones who were aware when they crossed it before.

In the afternoon, they met a large outward bound emigrant train, and at night their camp fire was in sight of another one belonging to some similar body. They were now so close to the States that there was little to fear from savages, and the next day Vic assured them that they were riding through the country of the friendly Delawares and Wyandots.

Late in the afternoon, they reached the Missouri river, and were now again, after years of absence, upon the confines of a civilized State. Strange feelings were Summerfield's, and as he gazed upon the "Mad Missouri" and the opposite bank from him, he could not help reflecting upon the time when he crossed that river and landed upon the spot where he stood. There was a wild, and to him inexplicable desire to visit the perilous regions of the Far West. That desire had been gratified; he had travelled over a great portion of our western territory, and had tasted its dangers and hardships. He was satisfied; and, as he turned his face again toward the prairies, he felt that the wealth of the universe could not tempt him to journey over it again.

And it seemed to Viola as though she had entered a new world. Already the clamor and confusion of civilization was around her. As they crossed the river and were conveyed to Independence, three or four miles distant, the hurrying tide of humanity, the sounds of industry, and the innumerable multitudes around, called up emotions that had slumbered so long that they were well nigh forgotten.

Their animals were left in charge of a person, and, accompanied by Vic, they repaired to one of the hotels. Here, with the exception of the latter, they all supplied themselves with clothes more fashionable than the ones brought with them. Vennond was anxious to pass to his native place in Louisiana, but found it more advisable to wait until the morrow, when Summerfield determined to start also.

In the early part of the evening, Summerfield passed out with Vannoven, and met with a rather ludicrous adventure. It was near the Presidential election, and there was much excitement in consequence. In passing by a tavern, where there was an excited crowd gathered, a half-crazed politician rushed out, and, catching him by the coat, demanded:

"Who're *you* for?"

"Me?" questioned Summerfield, who had not the remotest idea of who the respective candidates were. "Me? why I don't know."

"Come, we must know."

"Why, Harrison," he answered, at a venture. The politician started back as though he had grasped a crazy person, and, without saying a word, abruptly departed. The truth was, Harrison had been dead several years.

At Summerfield's earnest suggestion, Vic consented to sell his animal and accompany him home.

Shortly afterward, Summerfield returned, and found Viola attired in a new and beautiful dress. Her beauty was really enhanced by the change, and he was in raptures over her appearance. Late in the evening, they gathered together and held a consultation, and each imparted his plans to the other. Vennond expressed his determination to return to his former home in Louisiana, and spend his days there. In the course of the conversation, he narrated Redzel's fatal connection with himself, and explained what he meant by what he said when he first knew that it was he who had been the cause of all of Viola's trouble and persecution.

Samuel Redzel and Samuel Vennond were born within a few days of each other, in the parish of ——, State of Louisiana, and were playmates from childhood. Their natures were as different as it is possible for two natures to be. The former was the personification of meanness and the possessor of every vice, while the latter was an honest and noble-hearted farmer's boy. At school, for a time, they were rivals; and when they grew to manhood they were rivals in *love*. As might be expected, the virtues and good qualities of Vennond insured his triumph over the latter; and, at an early age, he led Annie Courtland to the altar, in the face of the malignant and vindictive persistence of Redzel.

This was never forgotten by Redzel. On the night of the bridal, he swore a terrible revenge, and a revenge that he executed. Louisiana, at that time, was infested by a lawless band of horse-thieves and kidnappers, whose depredations became, at last, so numerous and intolerable that a "Vigilance Committee" was formed that visited retribution upon the offenders in a short and summary manner. Some suspected Redzel of belonging to this consummately organized band, and for a year he was narrowly watched by several spies of the "Committee." The consequence was, he was detected in the very act, captured, and sentenced by Judge Lynch to suffer the extreme penalty of the law upon the spot. His fate appeared so certain, that he entertained no hopes of even respite himself, and gave up in stolid, sullen despair. Vennond was a leading member of the "Committee," and, by begging and imploring, he succeeded in having the wretch transferred to prison to await the tardy action of the law. As might be expected, aided by some of his confederates upon the outside, he broke jail that very night and escaped. He repaired immediately to Vennond's house and found his wife alone with a babe but a few months old. Here, after subjecting her to the grossest insults and treatment, he murdered her in cold blood, and then fled the country. When Vennond returned, a short time after, he found the ghastly corpse stretched upon the floor, which was covered with her blood; and, in the bright moonlight, he saw Viola, sleeping peacefully and calmly upon her dead mother's breast! For awhile he was transfixed with grief and horror, and was at a loss to divine who could have committed the deed; but in the morning, when the intelligence spread that Redzel, the most desperate member of the gang of horse thieves, had escaped, his own heart told him who the perpetrator was. Regrets at his own course were numerous but useless, and he determined, and swore that, if human power could accomplish it, the villain should be recaptured and receive the punishment he so richly deserved. A thorough search of the neighboring swamps and lagoons was commenced, and in one of the wildest and most inaccessible spots the rendezvous was discovered. Nearly all of the band were together, and, after a bloody and desperate struggle, they were most of them captured. A number drowned themselves to escape the terrible punishment that awaited them, while one or two of the most noted effected their escape. This effectually broke up the organization. Some who turned State's evidence, and a number of others, were pardoned, who, rather than suffer the disgrace they had incurred, left the country. But upon many was such terrible punishment visited, that it struck terror to the hearts of all, and brought a peace and quietude to the parish that it had not known for years. From some of these, Vennond learned that Redzel had been the leading spirit of evil among them, and through his instrumentality the organization had been effected. One of those who turned State's evidence stated that he had seen him upon the night of his escape, and immediately after he had committed the horrid crime spoken of. He was then in company with another member of their band, and judging rightly that the country was becoming too hot to hold them, had determined to go to St. Louis. Vennond, in company with two friends, started instantly for that city, determined to have him at whatever cost. After much cautious inquiry, they learned that he had left the day before, in company with a trapper, for Independence. He had parted company with his companion in this city, and the latter had gone to a neighboring village. They could have easily captured this one, but they concluded to let him go for the present, and make sure of Redzel. In St. Louis, a murder had been committed by him, and two police officers joined Vennond, and accompanied them to Independence. They made all haste thither, and arrived late in the evening. Without waiting until the morrow, they separated for the purpose of searching the city and gain what information they could of him. Redzel met Vennond and his friend in a tavern and recognized them, although they did not know him. He remained long enough in the place to know that several officers were after him, when he repaired to Wandaught's lodgings and informed him that he should immediately leave for the trapping grounds. Wandaught, suspecting the true state of things, offered him a horse, but Redzel felt that it would be more pleasant to steal one, although he might possibly get a poorer one. Accordingly he crossed the Missouri, and succeeded in making off with a magnificent animal, that belonged to an emigrant train about starting. With this he struck in a northeast direction, different from the usual course, and in a short time was out of danger. The next day Vennond learned of his departure, and crossed over to the trapping ground, and was here informed by the emigrants that some rascal had run away with the swiftest animal they owned. The officers were compelled to admit that their prey had escaped them, and reluctantly returned to their homes, capturing Redzel's companion out of revenge, and sending him to prison for life. Two years after, they signed a petition for his pardon, and congratulated him when he walked forth a free man again! Such is human nature.

It was a late hour when they ceased and retired. Several times, Summerfield was upon the point of speaking to Vennond about his intended marriage with his daughter, but was restrained by the presence of Vic and Seth. When they had left, however, he called him aside and stated his love in a frank and manly manner, and asked his consent. This was given without any disguised hesitation or unwillingness, and they separated for the night.

In the morning they all met prepared for a temporary separation. Vic and Seth bade Vennond and Viola good-bye and left the room, while Vennond shortly after made some excuse and left Summerfield and Viola alone. This was what he wished, and he had half an hour for conversation. He seated himself beside her, and spoke in a half earnest tone.

"Viola, do you remember a little talk we once had, under not quite so favorable circumstances?"

"Oh! yes, we had a great many pleasant chats, for all our situation was not as we might have wished," she replied, blushing slightly, and pretending to not comprehend him.

"That is true; but I refer to the one in the cave."

"When we made our way out. *I* don't think it was very pleasant."

"No, no; you little witch, I mean when we were all alone, and I asked you whether you would be my wife, and you said you would some day. Don't remember that, I suppose?"

"Let me see," she repeated, slowly and reflectively, as though endeavoring to call up some forgotten circumstance, and yet unable to repress a smile at Summerfield's quizzical appearance. Ah! there was no danger of her forgetting *that* conversation. He waited a second and then catching her impulsively in his arms added:

"You remember well enough; but it doesn't make much difference whether you do or not. *I* do, and, of course, will hold you to your promise."

Then releasing her, and imprinting a warm kiss upon a warmer cheek, he continued, in an earnest tone:

"Viola, your father has given me his consent, and *you* have. To-day I shall leave for home, and if I find my sister alive and well—as God grant I may—I shall visit your home and claim you at once. At any rate you shall soon hear from me."

At this point, the little foolish creature went to crying. In a few moments, however, she looked up, more beautiful than ever, and smiling through her sparkling tears, asked:

"You will come, will you?"

"I guess so," returned Summerfield, giving another burning kiss, which was returned.

Shortly after, they were joined by Vennond, who understood everything, and laughed and joked them greatly, wondering what had grieved Viola so much, and made Summerfield so aglow with pleasure. And Viola tried to pout and couldn't to save her life, and at last Summerfield laughingly bade them good-bye and departed, he for Eastern Missouri, they for Louisiana.

Summerfield was soon joined by Vic and Seth, and shortly after they were on their way. The two latter continued conversing all the time, but Summerfield was too full of his own thoughts to answer their numerous questions, and he remained in deep meditation all the way. At first Viola occupied his thoughts, but as the scenes around him began to wear a familiar aspect, they recurred to his home associations, and he spent the time in conjecturing anxiously, and often fearfully, the probability of finding his sister as he had left her.

Soon the stage halted at the gate, and, with a beating heart, he sprang out, bounded up the steps, and jerked the bell violently, while Seth and Vic came leisurely behind. In a moment he heard a shuffling step in the hall, and, after much fingering of the lock, and turning of the key, and suppressed muttering, the door was opened, and a brawny Irish servant inquired:

"Whath ye be afther wantin?"

"Is Miss Summerfield, Marian Summerfield, in."

"Faix an she is!" uttered interrogatively.

"Well, I want to see her."

"And what fur?"

"None of your business. Get out of the way."

And, without heeding her imprecations, he pushed her aside, and walked into the sitting-room. There, seated at the piano, sat his sister, playing dreamily with the keys. She did not hear him as he entered, and he stepped softly to her side and gazed at the piece before her. It was a mournful song, which she was singing in a low and sweet voice. Placing his hand lightly upon her shoulder, he said:

"Why, Sis, you have improved considerably."

Such a start and look as she gave him! She could not have been more startled had some disembodied spirit stood beside and addressed her.

"O, George! is that you?"

"I think so," he returned, as he embraced her. And then he seated himself beside her and told her everything—that is everything he could. He was particular to not omit anything concerning Viola; and, before he had half finished, his sister saw, with her woman's instinct, how matters stood between them. Then he stated that he should visit her the next day, and she should accompany him, and ended abruptly by inquiring what had become of Seth and Vic. Upon this a search was commenced, and Seth was found in the cellar, making great havoc among the eatables, while the Irish girl was lashing him with all manner of epithets. Summerfield called him, and he came up in a moment, his mouth literally crammed with cake, while in one hand he held a half-devoured pie, and in the other several pounds of cheese. As soon as he saw the laughing form of Marian, he swallowed his prodigious mouthful, and exclaimed:

"How're you, Sis," and then kissed her, as he had been wont when she was a mere child, covering her with crumbs and fragments of victuals during the operation.

Vic was out doors, and being called in, was introduced to Summerfield's sister, and they all sat down to a bounteous family dinner.

The evening was spent in conversation until a late hour. Vannoven narrated many incidents of his life that were new to both Seth and Summerfield. Marian stated that she never g

# THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, September 3, 1862.


## SOLDIERS' WIVES AS NURSES.

We noticed the other day that the wife of one of the army surgeons had devoted herself as nurse. The example speaks for itself and is above all praise. When Miss Florence Nightingale devoted herself thus to the British army, nothing but her elevated character and her family connexions reconciled it with English notions of propriety, and nothing but her heroic devotion, her great ability, and her astonishing success made her work a success. As it was, all of those who engaged in the work of ministering to the sick were not equally successful in escaping a certain share of scandal, as stepping out of their sphere, and some even received a certain degree of censure. The present wife of Major Yelverton, whose case created so much of public talk a few months since, was clearly out of her place in going, young and unmarried, as nurse.

In our own hospitals the venerable and exalted character of Miss Dix, her experience and knowledge of the world, has enabled her not only to do, but to direct what has been done with a sagacity and success. In many places the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church have also exerted themselves nobly. It may safely be said that such are the facilities for recovery now in the hospitals and infirmaries of our large cities in Washington, Baltimore, this city, New York and other places, that not only the soldiers but the officers recover more quickly in many cases than they do even in the best and most affectionate homes. Still it is not thus everywhere; and near the scenes of war, notwithstanding all the exertions of Government, and the regularly employed men nurses, there is much more for womsn's more delicate hand to do than thus far has been accomplished.

We venture to propose that of such of the wives of the officers and soldiers as might be willing to volunteer for this duty, enough should be selected by a competent commission, if enough could be found willing to devote themselves efficiently to the general work of nursing under suitable regulations. There are many noble women who would greatly desire to be near their husbands, to nurse them if sick or wounded, and whose benevolence would be excited towards others in the same cause. It would not do to appoint all who might be willing. In many cases they would not be suitable on various accounts. But where they are, the presence of a husband, as a protector, would be a great and natural advantage every way.

That the wife of a medical officer should, when there were no ties at home to claim her attention, desire to assist her husband in the great work of humanity, is not surprising. Nor should such aid, where all things made for it, be lightly esteemed or neglected. Such a wife might double her husband's usefulness and success. In many cases she might organize a corps of nurses who, under her husband's directions, might do much to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and restore them to health.

Were the movement once properly started, the difficulty would probably be not in securing sufficient volunteer nurses, but in the discrimination which would lead to the selection of the most suitable, and the rejection of all those that the best interests of the army and of the community would require not to be accepted. Where there are children, for instance, the absence of *one* parent renders the presence of the other more imperatively required. Not all cases, suitable age, health, energy, and ability as to nursing the sick, would be main requisites. But we venture to say, that, on inquiry, there are widowed mothers who, having sent their sons, would now themselves go where they might nurse them and others, their companions as well as wives, whose husbands are engaged; and that from the number of those whose near connexions have gone, and are there to be their protectors, suitable ladies enough might be found to effect much in mitigating the horrors of war.

## VOLUNTEERING AND DRAFTING.

Imperative as the order for drafting appeared to be, the Government evidently would prefer volunteering, and it has again extended the time, so that old regiments and those in active service may be filled by recruits. The order just issued extends the time for enlisting for the new regiments to the 1st of September, and the time for the old regiments to the 15th of September. By this order, the recruits for the new regiments will not receive the advance or bounties, except the bounty of $50 from the city. At the end of their enlistment, however, they will get the $100, so that, in the long run, they receive the same amount as the recruit, who now gets his $25 advance. To encourage enlistments in the old regiments, the bounty and advance are continued to recruits in these regiments. These will be accredited to the township, borough or precinct where they reside, and will therefore help to reduce the draft. The draft is certainly not a very popular measure, but unless the Government gets sufficient volunteers, it will have to be made. The idea of being a drafted soldier does not rest pleasantly upon the minds of spirited young men, and many of them have preferred immediate volunteering to waiting their chances under a draft. As the draft becomes more imminent and near, this number will be largely increased. Two weeks' time is all, however, that can possibly be given, and those who wish to escape being a drafted soldier, who receive neither a Government nor city bounty, should avail themselves immediately of the opportunity allowed, and enter themselves as volunteers in the old, seasoned and well-tried regiments, in which both their comfort and safety will be greater than in any new organization, under untried officers, as inexperienced in camp life and the duties of a soldier as the recruit himself.

It is undoubted that the quota of Pennsylvania, under the two requisitions of the President of the United States for 300,000 volunteers and 300,000 militia respectively, amounts to 92,841 men. By the census of 1800, Pennsylvania had 2,906,370 inhabitants; Philadelphia 565,531. The proportion of soldiers which Philadelphia must furnish, in order to fill up its quota under the two requisitions, is therefore 18,065. There is to be deducted from this number the volunteers who have come forward since the 27th of May, 1862. Up to Saturday evening last, about 5100 men had been mustered into the new regiments now forming in the city, and about 500 into the old regiments. Making a full allowance for those who have during this week been mustered into service, there remains a balance of 12,000 men who must be furnished by the city, either by volunteering or the draft.

There is some doubt whether the War Department at Washington intends to credit to the various States the soldiers who are *drafted* to fill up the old regiments; or whether it is intended to have a special draft for that purpose and to require, in addition, the full 600,000 men called for in the two requisitions. If the latter is the intention, then there will be in addition to the 18,065 men above spoken of, 6813 more required for the old regiments, as it will require 35,000 men to fill up the Pennsylvania regiments now in the field. The quota of Philadelphia would then amount to 24,913.

These are stern facts, and should be duly considered by our citizens. Volunteers will be received into the regiments until the first of September, into the old regiments until the 15th of September. It is improbable that the time for volunteering will again be extended, as by the 15th proximo the enrolment will be completed and everything ready for the draft. In Boston all shops are closed and business suspended at two P. M., and the exertions of the inhabitants turned to recruiting. Would it not be well for Philadelphia to arouse itself, raise the required number of volunteers, and thus escape the odium of a draft?

A BRITISH MINISTER'S CANDOR.—The British newspapers have for more than a year past been heaping all kinds of abuse upon this country and its institutions. Earl Russell, in his communication to Mr. Seward, says the invariable practice in England, sanctioned by law and approved by the sense of the British nation, is to comment freely on all public events. This seems to him, if not a sufficient excuse, at least a bar to any cause of complaint by our Government of hostilities shown to it in that quarter. Yet, in the very same despatch, Earl Russell makes the comments of the press of the United States, under equal freedom of opinion, a matters as trying to the British temper as the loss of cotton and the rigor with which the blockade is enforced, and he takes a great deal of credit to her Majesty's Government for its inflexible virtue in not swerving an inch from its neutrality, in spite of the insults constantly heaped upon the British name in American speeches and newspapers." The merit for forbearance which he claims for his own Government, he would totally ignore in the Government of the United States, though exhibited under more trying circumstances, and the freedom which he justifies in the English becomes inexcusable license in the American press. This lack of candor in the British Secretary, lets us into a knowledge of the real bent of his sympathies. The British Government may claim to be neutral, but the British Secretary certainly cannot claim to be friendly to the U. S. Government.

BRIGADIER GENERAL BOHLEN, who was killed on Saturday in a skirmish near the Rappahannock, was a highly accomplished gentleman, as well as a good soldier. He was in Europe when the war broke out, but hurried home to Philadelphia to take part in it on the side of the Government. He raised the Seventy-fifth regiment, and expended a large sum of his own private means in fitting it out. His experience as a soldier, having served as a volunteer staff officer in Mexico, obtained for him an appointment as Brigadier, and his brigade was attached to Sigel's corps. General Bohlen was a chivalrous, high souled soldier, and always sought the post of danger when honor was to be won. He had many warmly attached friends in this city.

## CIVILIZATION AND LOVE OF WAR.

There was more truth than poetry in Shakspeare's representations of the effect of the "villanous saltpetre" in deterring men of fine nerves from becoming soldiers. At any rate, Mr. Buchle has labored hard to show that "a diminution of the warlike spirit is the result of the progress of knowledge," and he proceeds to exhibit three ways in which the progress of knowledge has lessened the belligerent spirit, and "caused men of intellect to avoid becoming soldiers."

The invention of gunpowder, by making war a distinct profession, requiring arms and arts of its own, has led the military life to be engaged in by a comparatively small number. The reduction of political economy to a science of mutual and not conflicting interests, Mr. Buchle thinks has also tended still more to make intellectual men peaceable. Formerly it used to be supposed that what one nation gained in point of advantage by trade, another must lose, and commercial jealousy formed the basis of many a national quarrel. Those who exported the most goods, and imported the fewest but the most gold, were supposed to become the most wealthy, and to have the balance of trade in their favor. But as soon as it was recognized that it was often far better for a nation to receive goods than gold, and that trade depended upon laws of its own, of which peace and goodwill were the basis, one of the chief causes of national jealousies and quarrels was taken away. The invention of railways and steam carriages has contributed still more, Mr. Buchle thinks, to discourage war and promote peace, by making men better acquainted with each other and thus correcting their prejudices and evil opinions of each other and uniting them in ties of closer friendship.

No doubt there is much truth in these remarks. But our present civil war shows that they are not true to the extent that he supposed. Indeed these things are the chief sources of the terribleness of our present conflict. The use of gunpowder has subsidized more science to the art of war than can well be calculated. Our artillery officers are not only the most scientific men that West Point can furnish, but that the age can afford. There is hardly a profound mathematical calculation made but what it is applied either to the subject of astronomy or that of war. Certain it is that the whole art of war is every year becoming more and more dependent on the most profound intellectual acquirements. Questions of free-trade and protective tariff have also ever since the days of Calhoun and Webster and Clay been sources of bickering; and the jealousy of the North, as monopolizing all the commerce, has been one great cause of the bitter feeling which has resulted in the present war. Nor has anything contributed so much to give it scope and vehemence as our railroads and telegraphs. Where has our recruiting been most active? At the railroad stations. It has almost been carried on by lightning, and in those sections farthest from these there has been least volunteering, and fewest armies marshalled or battles fought.

And yet it is true, as Mr. Buchle asserts, in one sense, that as civilization advances men of intellect avoid becoming soldiers. That is, intellectual cultivation makes *life far more valuable*, and those thus cultivated will not feel it a glorious thing to risk it on the same light or trifling occasions that those uncultivated will if they have equal courage. So far the increase of civilization tends to make men averse from war. But, on the other hand, where there is a great principle at stake, intellectual culture, by showing its importance, will lead men to take up arms for what might seem to others an abstraction, and will make them persevere where others would be exhausted. The mere intellect of the intellect then may tend to make a nation warlike or peaceful according to the occasion. But it will make them intelligent in war, quick in communicating information on all points bearing on the matters at issue, and wise in plans to defeat the enemy and combine friends.

Civilization, however, properly considered, does not consist merely in intellectual cultivation, but rather in the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual and social nature of the largest possible number of individuals of a community. In proportion as it abounds nothing objects will have a less power to produce war, but where a great principle is at stake, it may create and continue a struggle with an energy and endurance unknown to a less enlightened race. True civilization has no affinity with cowardice, but the reverse; and a right cause it makes men strong and brave.

## DISARMING THE PEOPLE.

A despatch of recent date from New Orleans says that Gen. Butler's order to disarm all the population of New Orleans has produced a great deal of indignation. No doubt of it. There is not an order he has issued for maintaining the authority of the Government in that city which has not been received in the same way by the secessionists of that city. Fortunately all are not secessionists, for Gen. Butler has raised a regiment of Union men in the city, and their arms will give the disarmed inhabitants the protection they pretend to need against an apprehended rising of the negroes. There has been open insinuations in New Orleans that the city was to be attacked and that the outside rebels were to receive assistance from their treacherous sympathizers inside. It is these insinuations which induced Gen. Butler to order a general disarming. The first objection came from the French Consul, Count Mejan, who wished French subjects to be excepted from the order, on the ground that the protection afforded by the United States Government could not be effective at all times and places, and the arms were only used to maintain order and defend personal property. Gen. Butler, who knows the rancorous spirit against our Government entertained by many of the foreign residents, answered the Consul that he cannot trust to mere professions of neutrality; that the son of the French Consul at Baton Rouge was taken upon the battle-field with arms in his hands against the United States Government, even after immunity was given to his father against the order to deliver up arms. He said:

"Of the disquiet which you say there are signs manifesting themselves among the black population, of a desire to break their bonds which bind them to their masters ('certaine dispositions a rompre les liens qui les attachent a leurs maitres'), I have been a not inattentive observer, without wonder, because it would seem natural, when their masters had *set them the example of rebellion against constituted authorities, that the negroes, being an imitative race, should do likewise.*"

But surely the representative of the Emperor, which does not tolerate slavery in France, does not desire his countrymen to be armed for the purpose of preventing the negroes from breaking their bonds."

This home thrust seems to have silenced the Consul, and the order, in spite of the indignation, was carried into effect, though various and innumerable were the devices to evade it. There were arms enough collected to arm the regiment of Union men who had volunteered to defend the authority of the Government and the peace of the city, which the French Consul thought could be better preserved by each individual acting separately, than by a well organized and disciplined military body acting under the orders of an intelligent and vigilant Governor like Butler. To make sure that the order is universally obeyed, General Butler has offered rewards for information of arms kept in concealment. The rebels desire, above all things, to get re-possession of New Orleans, for without that city, their "Confederacy" is rather clipped in its commerce, and considerably circumscribed in its communication with the other "powers" of the world. They have been laying their plans secretly, as they imagined, and concocting schemes whereby the inside disaffection should aid the outside operations. They find these all exploded by the summary orders of a commander fully alive to the responsibilities of his post, and equal to all its requirements. It is just as important to the Government to hold New Orleans securely, as it is for the rebels to repossess it, and unless Gen. Butler himself desires to give up his situation, it would be a public misfortune for him to be removed from it.

HOW HE OPERATED.—It appears by Morgan's account of his raid that he was greatly aided in his purpose by taking with him an instrument to intercept telegraph despatches, and at every station he got, he sent off despatches of his own movements to mystify the Union Generals, and intercepted theirs, so that he knew all the movements intended to operate against him, and frequently stopped them entirely by despatches which caused the troops to be sent in another direction. The people about Nashville and Louisville must have had a very big scare upon them the time they were fooled by Morgan in this manner for several days in succession.

PICTORIAL MISREPRESENTATIONS.—Some of the pictorial papers draw largely on imagination for their illustrations. Harper's Weekly has a cut of Morgan's raid in the West in which one citizen of the town is hanging to a signpost, and another has his head carried about by a grim looking redman, who was just decapitated him. Bad as Morgan may be in his guerrilla warfare, he commits no such atrocities as these. The illustrations are, therefore, deliberate falsifications.

THERE were 396 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 197 were adults and 199 were children. There were 39 from consumption of the lungs; 28 from cholera infantum; 13 from convulsions; 5 from diphtheria; 25 from diarrhœa; 6 from disease of the heart; 26 from debility; 12 from disentery; 33 from typhoid fever; 10 from inflammation of the brain; 7 from inflammation of the lungs; 27 from marasmus; and 6 from gunshot wounds.

NEW JERSEY is rapidly pushing forward her troops. The regiments under the first call are all ready to march, and the recruits under the nine months' requisition are coming in rapidly.

ANOTHER ACCESSION.—Part of Gen. Hunter's army, which is useless where it is, has been withdrawn, to be joined to the army operating against Richmond.

## POLITICAL NOMINATIONS.

During the past week the Democratic and the Republican parties have been busy in nominating their respective tickets of candidates to be voted at the ensuing October election:

### For Congress.

| *Democrats.* | FIRST DISTRICT. | *Republicans.* |
|---|---|---|
| Samuel J. Randall, | Postponed to Sept. 15. | |
| | SECOND DISTRICT. | |
| Charles J. Biddle. | | Charles O'Neill. |
| | THIRD DISTRICT. | |
| John Kline. | | Leonard Myers. |
| | FOURTH DISTRICT. | |
| James B. Nicholson. | | William D. Kelley. |

### For State Senator.

| | SECOND DISTRICT. | |
|---|---|---|
| Thomas Greenbank. | | Jacob Ridgway. |
| | FOURTH DISTRICT. | |
| George W. H. Smith. | | George Connell. |

### For State Legislature.

| *District.* | | *District.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Thomas A. Barlow. | | 1. William Foster. |
| 2. T. J. Barger. | | 2. Morton H. Everly. |
| 3. Samuel Josephs. | | 3. Thomas J. Wilis. |
| 4. Saml. C. Thompson. | | 4. Samuel J. Rea. |
| 5. Hugh McIlhenny. | | 5. Joseph Moore, Jr. |
| 6. Rich'd R. Ludlow. | | 6. Dr. Clingan. |
| 7. Kline Shoemaker. | | 7. Thomas Cochran. |
| 8. James R. Gaskins. | | 8. James N. Kerns. |
| 9. George A. Quigley. | | 9. John A. Burton. |
| 10. A. J. Lechler. | | 10. Saml. S. Pancoast. |
| 10. Jas. W. Hopkins. | | 11. Franklin D. Steiner. |
| 12. Henry Vaughan. | | 12 Luke V. Sutplee. |
| 13. F. McManus. | | 13. James Holgate. |
| 14. A. R. Schofield. | | 14. Alex. Cummings. |
| 15. George Wolf. | | 15. Wm. F. Smith. |
| 16. George F. Borie. | | 16. Edward G. Lee. |
| 17. J. J. Young. | | 17. Charles R. Abbott. |

### For Mayor.

Daniel M. Fox. Alexander Henry.

### For City Commissioner.

Elisha Lovett.

### For Receiver of Taxes.

John M. Melloy. James C. Kelch.

### For City Controller.

George Getz.

### For City Solicitor.

William L. Hirst. F. Carroll Brewster.

### For District Attorney

Lewis C. Cassidy. William B. Mann.

## WAR NEWS.

### A Daily Digest of the News of the Week.

The published news of *Thursday* states that on the Saturday previous the rebels in Virginia made a formidable demonstration against Rappahannock Station, and forced its abandonment by our force there. Before falling back, our troops burned the bridge across the Rappahannock, and blew up the abutments. Our stores and ammunition were also removed, and the houses at the Station were burned—all of which was accomplished without any casualties on our part. The Washington Star of Tuesday evening is of opinion that the great bulk of the rebel force had fallen back again to Gordonsville.

Despatches received in Washington indicate that a general war with all the Indian tribes is at hand. It has, consequently, been thought advisable to send the California mails by way of New York and the Isthmus until further notice.

The St. Louis journals state that official intelligence of the attack on Bloomfield, Mo., on the 10th of this month, has been received at head-quarters. The guerrillas numbered 600 men, and made a vigorous effort to gain possession of the town. They were repulsed by 110 men of the first Wisconsin Cavalry, under Capt. Hyde. No particulars as to the loss on either side were received, and from that circumstance was probably very light. Guerrillas are swarming over that whole section of country, but measures have been taken that will speadily cause them to travel toward Arkansas.

Official advices from Gen. Blunt, at Taberville, Mo., concerning the commencement and progress of his pursuit of the United rebel bands under Coffee, are as follows: The General states that he first came in the vicinity of the united forces of Coffee, Hunter, Tracy, Jackson and Cockerill, numbering 4,000, at Lone Jack, about 7 o'clock P. M., on the 17th. On the morning of the 16th, the rebel forces attacked Maj. Foster, at Lone Jack, with 600 State militia, defeating him and capturing two pieces of artillery. The loss on each side was about 50 killed and 76 to 100 wounded; among the latter was Maj. Foster. Foster's command made a gallant fight, and were only defeated by overwhelming numbers. On Gen. Blunt's arriving at Lone Jack, he found Gen. Warren, with a command of 800, consisting of First Missouri and First Iowa Cavalry and two pieces of artillery, threatened with immediate attack by the whole rebel force, the rebel pickets being then in front of his camp. On hearing of his approach the guerrillas immediately commenced a retreat under the cover of night, and, availing themselves of the shelter of heavy timber for a distance of six miles, crossed the trail of Gen. Blunt's troops in the rear, and made a precipitate flight South. They have never halted since commencing their retreat, except long enough to feed their horses, and crossed the Osage at Taberville on the 19th at 10 o'clock A. M. The Union advance, under Col. Cloud, skirmished with their rear guard several times during the day, killing and wounding several, and taking a number of prisoners.

A letter to the Memphis Appeal, dated at Helena, August 18, contains the following matters of interest relative to Gen. Hovey's command: "This command (about 5,000) returned from Clarendon this morning—having lost two men after their arrival there, and one killed and two wounded on the second day; third day, one killed and two wounded, and also two killed by bush whackers, returning; and two died of congestive chills. Captured a large amount of property, including twelve dozen good blankets and fifteen suits of United States clothing, at a house about twenty-five miles from Helena. Burned Dr. Washington's residence, seven and one-half miles below Clarendon, where one of our men was killed and wounded on Thursday last. The army brought back the contraband spy, who was the cause of the expedition, and proved himself an efficient one by misleading the forces six miles from the road to a clearing, to find a camp of rebels. The wagon train being sent forward, after shelling the woods and finding no enemy, the march was resumed. Fifteen conscripts, who came into the camp, state that the negro intended to have the train captured, and the darky has since confessed. The conscripts have joined the First Arkansas Volunteers, United States Army. Quite a number of refugees accompanied the army to this place.

The Memphis Bulletin, of Aug. 21, reports that on the preceding day, from 800 to 1,300 guerrillas entered the town of Raleigh, Tenn., passed through, and came within seven miles of Memphis. They set fire to all the bridges over Wolf and Hatchie rivers, and burned all the cotton they could find.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29TH.

We have received by telegraph and through the Louisville papers, intelligence of another engagement at Gallatin, Tenn., on Friday last, between a force of rebel cavalry under Morgan, and the U. S. troops under command of Gen. R. W. Johnson. The rebels are said to have been 1,7600 strong, while Gen. Johnson's forces embraced a portion of the Second Indiana Cavalry and detachments of Col. Winkoop's Pennsylvania Cavalry. It appears that Gen. Johnson, with his cavalry force, attacked Morgan's soldiers at Gallatin on Friday morning at 10 o'clock, and that our forces were defeated. About 400 of our forces escaped to Lebanon, but Gen. Johnson and the remainder of his force surrendered. The fight lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning till 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Many of the enemy were on foot and well drilled as skirmishers, but they were without artillery. The National loss was 27 killed and 33 wounded; that of the rebels was 13 killed and 40 wounded.

Capt. Shurtleff, of Ohio, who recently returned to Oberlin, in that State, after a captivity with the rebels since the Cross Lanes fight, gives it as his opinion that there are four hundred thousand rebel soldiers within sixty miles of Richmond.

A number of officers of the 71st regiment of Ohio volunteers have been dismissed from the service of the United States by order of the Secretary of War, for having published a card stating that they advised Col. Mason to surrender at Clarksville, Tenn.

The War Department has issued an important order relative to furnishing detachments of troops, on their way to join their regiments, with cooked rations, so that they may be delayed as little as possible on the road.

Gen. Heintzelman, with 20,000 men, got to Jackson's rear on Thursday.

A very large meeting was held in Wilmington, Del., on Thursday night, at which resolutions were passed denouncing the course of Governor Burton.

## Later from Europe—Steamship North American Off Cape Race.

CAPE RACE, Sept. 1.—The steamship North American passed off this point yesterday morning, and was intercepted by the News Yacht. She sailed from Liverpool on the 21st ult., for Quebec.

The steamship Nova Scotia arrtved out on the 20th, and the Saxonia on the 21st.

The Etna also arrived from New York on the 20th.

The U. S. gunboat Tuscarora had returned to Kingstown.

The London Times, in speaking of the draft (or, as it terms it, the conscription) ordered by the President of the United States, says "The land of the free is now ruled by a force that is creating terror."

The London Herald says it would be the salvation of the Northern States if Europe would immediately forbid the continuation of the war.

In the Liverpool Cotton Market, the sales of the week amounted to 143,400 bales, including 32,000 bales to speculators and for export. The American grades have advanced 4 a 4¼d. The market was excited.

Breadstuffs and Provisions closed dull.

In the London Money Market, Consols closed at 93 a 93¼.

## WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

A druggist returned from Richmond, says no one can conceive the sufferings of the rebels from the want of medicines. Surgical instruments, quinine, and chloroform cannot be had at any prices. Great efforts to smuggle these articles South are constantly being made. Their physicians are very much overtaxed.

A son of the late Douglas Jerrold, the English wit, is a private in a New Jersey Regiment.

On Sunday week our troops drove the rebels from Warrenton, Va., and re-occupied the town.

Information has been received that thousands of men have passed over into Virginia, principally from the eastern counties of Maryland.

Breckinridge is reported to be moving his entire army to Santanobia. His cavalry are scouring northern Mississippi, pressing every man under fifty years of age.

A letter from Nassau, N. P., states that the American Consul's flag has been frequently hauled down and trampled on by the secession sympathizers in that British city.

Gen. Corcoran has received offers of over twenty regiments. If the War Department knows anything, it will make him a Division General at once.

A body of our troops near Madisonville, Ky. were attacked a few days ago by a body of rebels, and after a sharp contest compelled the enemy to retire. The rebels lost two killed and seventeen prisoners. We had six wounded, two of whom were mortally wounded.

On the 25th, a party of guerrillas, six miles from Danville, Ky., were surprised by our troops, and had three killed, eight wounded and thirty horses taken.

Nine recruits for the rebel Morgan have been captured in Kentucky, from which State great numbers are fleeing to join the rebels since the order to draft was issued.

"Substitutes" are already advertised in the New York city dailies. Prices from $100 to $1400.

Chicago seems to be the banner city. It enrolled 800 three years' men in one day last week.

The chances are that a regiment will be squeezed out of Washington after all. It has been suggested that the duties of many of the very able bodied young clerks in the departments could be performed by ladies and old or delicate persons, especially where so much of the work is mere copying—and thus the army in the field have added to it from the National Metropolis some very good material.

Governor Curtin has issued an order postponing the draft to the 15th of September. Col. A. K. McClure has been placed by Governor Curtin in charge of the details and work of preparation for the draft. The reason why the time for drafting was changed is to permit correct assessment lists for all the counties of the State being received at Harrisburg.

The Western papers confirm the horrible details of Indian butcheries on the frontiers, reported by telegraph. The carnage was dreadful and calls for the most summary and terrible punishment. Hole-in-the-Day, the Chippewa chief, was shot as he tried to escape with his wives.

General Pope's own commissions as Brigadier General and Major General were among the effects taken by Stuart's cavalry, and a little item of $40,000 is also mentioned.

They say things are working badly in Maryland. The rebels are so thoroughly organized there and so well armed that the most decisive measures will be necessary.

The story from Savannah is that the rebel ram is a failure. So "intelligent contrabands" said about the Merrimac, just before she knocked our ships of war about in Hampton Roads, as a "school marm" cuffs her urchins. Don't believe it, or the ram will be butting the daylight out of Dupont, one of these days, before he can say Jack Robinson.

Prominent gentlemen at Washington, from Kentucky, who were among the first to warn the Administration of the approach of the dangers in which the State is now involved, speak very despondingly now. They say that recently recruits have been leaving Kentucky to swell Morgan's force and the armies besieging our troops at Cumberland Gap, at the rate of a thousand a day. With such a system of recruiting, the sudden appearance of large rebel forces in unexpected places is not surprising.

Governor Tod, of Ohio, perceives that the arming of negroes will be offensive to white soldiers, and hence he taboos the suggestion in every shape and form. Intelligent negroes in Washington argue that those who insist upon arming the negroes, and placing them in front of the battle, are not true friends of the colored race. The negroes who compose such regiments driven into battle by the bayonet in their rear, will be exposed to slavery if captured, as well as death and wounds. They contend that they would not have an equal chance with white soldiers, and would be more usefully occupied in ordinary industrial pursuits.

## THE ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

### FOUR DAYS SEVERE FIGHTING.

### Battles of Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

### VICTORY ALTERNATING FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

### Pope's Despatch Claiming Having Driven the Rebels on Friday.

*THE REBELS SUBSEQUENTLY HEAVILY REINFORCED BY LEE.*

### POPE RETREATS TO CENTREVILLE.

### FRANKLIN'S DIVISION HAS JOINED HIM.

### GENERAL SUMNER ON THE MARCH.

### ANOTHER BATTLE EXPECTED.

### AFFAIRS AT ALEXANDRIA.

### A PENNSYLVANIA BRIGADE.

**Rebel Scouts at Chain Bridge.**

### THE ENGAGEMENT ON FRIDAY.

HEADQUARTERS FIELD OF BATTLE, } Groveton, near Gainesville, Aug. 30, 5 A. M. }
*Major-General Halleck, General in Chief:*

We fought a terrific battle here on Friday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy. Our troops are too much exhausted yet to push matters, but I shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitz John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas.

The enemy is still in our front, but badly used up.

We have lost not less than eight thousand men killed and wounded, and from the appearance of the field, the enemy lost at least two to one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves.

Our troops behaved splendidly. The battle was fought on the identical battle-field of Bull Run, which greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men.

The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy is retreating towards the mountain. I go forward at once to see.

We have made great captures, but I am not able yet to form an idea of their extent. * * *

JOHN POPE, Major Genl. Comd'g.

FRIDAY'S MOVEMENTS.

WASHINGTON, August 30.—The Evening Star speaking of the battle of Friday, says:—

We have positive information, at noon, today, from the front, up to 4 P. M., yesterday. That is to say: eighteen hours later than the date of the official despatch of Gen. Pope, published elsewhere in this afternoon's Star. The substance of this news is that, throughout yesterday, the battle was continued by the army corps of Heintzelman, McDowell and Sigel, on our side, against a rebel force believed to number from 50,000 to 60,000 strong. That is, against the army corps of Jackson, and, we presume, a portion of the rest of Lee's army that had succeeded in making its way down from the Plains through Thoroughfare Gap.

The location of the battle of the day was in the vicinity of Haymarket; from Haymarket off in the direction of Sudley Church; or, in other words, but a few miles north west of the old battle-ground, to be forgotten battle of Bull Run.

Heintzelman's corps, if we are correctly informed, came up with the enemy's rear at about 10 A. M., seven miles from Centreville, which point the left at daybreak. He found Jackson's command fighting with McDowell or Sigel, or both, on the right, in the direction of Haymarket; the position they took (by going north from Gainesville) to command the entrance to and exit from Thoroughfare Gap.

Our own informant, who left Centreville at 4 P. M., a cool and clear-headed man, says that up to that hour the impression prevailed there that nothing had definitely resulted from the day's fighting, which, though continuous, had not been a very bloody battle. Persons subsequently arriving, who were on the field of action themselves until 4 P. M., however, represent that the tide of success was decidedly with the Union army, which pushed the rebels successfully on both sides.

An impression prevails that the reserve of Lee's army, supposed to be from 20,000 to 40,000 strong, might suddenly appear near the field, and we know that the heavy corps under Fitz John Porter was so posted that it could instantly move upon Lee with equal ease, whether attacking McDowell, Sigel or Heintzelman.

The large force sent from Alexandria yesterday under Gen. Franklin, to join Pope, made little progress, comparatively, by nightfall. Our hope is that, learning of the extent of the enemy's force this side of White Plains, they hastened on their march short by after midnight. Their delay has, however, subjected them to not a few unenviable criticisms in Washington to-day.

The railroad, we are happy to be able to say, has already been repaired quite up to Bull Run, and supplies, &c., are now being transported over it to that point. By midnight, we have every reason to believe, Bull Run bridge will again be passable, when the trains can again run to Manassas.

Ere evacuating Manassas on the day before yesterday, the rebels paroled the 700 Union prisoners they had taken since the commencement of the movement for which they are paying so dearly. They realized that prisoners in their present strait were but an elephant on their hands, and wisely thus got rid of them. These 700 covered all the stragglers they had taken, as well as all the 500 of Taylor's brigade.

The engagement has been going on all day today, and so distinctly was the cannonading heard this forenoon (under the influence of a murky atmosphere) back of Alexandria, that the impression prevailed there that a heavy engagement was in progress as close as this side of Fairfax Court House.

According to accounts of those last from the battle-field mentioned above, the belief there was that Jackson is now aiming to get off from Pope in the direction of Aldie. We doubt the fact, because to do so would be plainly to attempt to escape the heat of the frying pan by jumping into the fire.

In a later edition, after publishing Pope's despatch of Friday, (published in Saturday's Ledger) the editor of the Star adds the following note:—We have positive information that Pope came up with and attacked the enemy again, a few minutes past 9 this morning. Fitz John Porter by that time had probably arrived on the field, from Manassas, seven miles off only.

Our impression that the heaviest of the fighting of yesterday was by McDowell and Sigel, in the vicinity of Thoroughfare Gap, was perhaps erroneous, judging from the above despatch from General Pope.

The only possible line of even temporary retreat for Jackson that we can perceive, is over the Warrenton turnpike toward the Rappahannock, as McDowell and Sigel are probably between him and Thoroughfare Gap, through which he would be compelled to go if seeking to proceed east. Fitz John Porter's command, which ends as some of those nearest to it, Burnside, is very strong, we take it.

By to-morrow morning, as slowly as he may be moving, Frank in ought to be within support ing distance of Pope with a large force, sufficient, with Fitz John Porter's, to make muce meat of any possible reinforcements the enemy may get. On the whole, as we stated a day or two since the prospect now is rendered doubly sure that there will soon be few rebels in arms in Virginia.

P. S.—At 12.30 P. M. the firing stopped, we learn from parties just down from Fairfax co. We trust the fact means a surrender of the rebels, and do not see how it can mean anything else.

The railroad was regularly run this forenoon from the town of Warrenton to Bristow. So it is already clear that the only damage remaining to be repaired (to the railroad) is to rebuild the Bull Run and Rappahannock bridges. The former should be completed to-night—the latter may be in two days.

### SATURDAY'S ENGAGEMENT.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The rebels were heavily reinforced on Saturday, and attacked Pope's army before the arrival of Gens. Franklin and Sumner. The attack was boldly met and a severe battle followed. The advantage on the whole was on the side of the enemy, and Pope fell back to Centreville with his whole army, in good order.

He has now been joined at Centreville by General Franklin, and Sumner was upon the march to him last night. He occupies the strongest position in the neighborhood of Washington, and is expected promptly to renew the contest and the successes of Friday.

Every effort should be used to hasten the forwarding of our troops.

### A HISTORY OF THE FIGHTS ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—The following intelligence is gathered from private sources.

On Wednesday morning or rather Tuesday night, a report reached Warrenton Junction that Jackson was again in our rear, that instead of making an attack and retiring, as his cavalry did on Friday night last at Catlett's Station, he had taken up a position on the railroad itself; history, also, of his movements. But notwithstanding this there is but little doubt that a conscription will have to be resorted to to fill up our quota. Committees of the Common Council have gone to Albany to endeavor to get the draft put off—but the probability is their mission will be unsuccessful.

Some of the administration journals, you will see, are getting to be very impatient of the stringent measures of the Government to prevent the publication of intelligence. The World, for instance, denounces, Saturday, in unmeasured terms, the course of the Provost Marshal, in sending a policeman around to all the newspaper officers yesterday, to warn editors that such and such intelligence must not be placed upon their bulletins.

Nor is this all. A severe lecture is administered to the Government for its summary arrests, and particularly the arrests of the gentlemen engaged in the substitute insurance business *before* the order prohibiting that business was promulgated.

Rev. Dr. Cheever is reported to be dangerously ill, at the residence of a relative, at Throg's Neck, Westchester county. The doctor has been in such a state of high excitement since the commencement of the rebellion, that the only wonder is he has survived it as long as he has.

There are reports by the steamer Matanzas that every day's delay was increasing that General Butler would be driven out of New Orleans. Some of these have got into print, and are creating much uneasiness, but without reason, as letters from authority next to General Butler himself, received by the same steamer, give assurance that the gunboats alone can keep possession of the city, even if the troops were not reinforced. But as reinforcements were coming in from Pensacola, Fort Pike, the Brigoiers, and Ship Island, assurance was made doubly sure that the re-capture of the city by the rebels would be a simple impossibility.

Government is taking up all the steamers that can be had at this port, for purposes of transportation. Vessels of other descriptions are in brisk demand to carry grain to Europe, and sailors, good, bad and indifferent, experience no difficulty in obtaining employment, at liberal wages. The whole number of vessels of all descriptions at our wharves, this morning, was 444, of which 18 were steamers, 109 ships, 110 barks, 105 brigs and 80 schooners. Included in the list are 31 vessels under seizure as Government prizes.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports (other than specie) at the port of New York for the week and since January 1:

| For the week. | 1860 | 1861. | 1862. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dry Goods, | $3,145,329 | $491,126 | $1,560,706 |
| Gen'l merchandize, | 3,504,170 | 1,476,152 | 1,849,158 |
| Total for week, | $6,649,499 | $1,970,278 | $3,409,863 |
| Prev'ly rep'd. | 158,752,708 | 92,186,119 | 111,841,348 |
| Since Jan. 1, | $165,402,207 | 94,156,397 | 116,251,201 |

ASHES—Are quiet at $6 81¼ a 6 87½ for Pots and $7 for Pearls.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for State and Western Flour is a shade firmer, with a fair demand for export and for the home trade. The sales are 15,000 bbls. at $4 90 a 5 05 for superfine State; $5 20 a 5 30 for extra State; $4 90 a 5 05 for superfine Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, &c; $5 30 a 6 40 for extra do., including shipping brands of round hoop Ohio at $5 50 a 5 60, and trade brands of ditto at $5 70 a $6 25. Southern Flour is better and in fair request; sales 1200 bbls at $5 30 a 5 80 for superfine Baltimore, and $5 85 a 7 50 for extra do. Canadian Flour is also firmer, with a moderate demand; sales 500 bbls. at $5 25 for common extra, and $5 40 a 6 35 for good to choice Rye Flour steady at $3 25 a 

## ARMY AND NAVY.

NAVAL.—There seems to be a disposition at the navy-yard to hurry on the sloop-of war Juniata, which has been lying at the principal pier since she was launched, on the 20th of March last, more than five months ago. It is said that the delay in getting the vessel ready for sea has been altogether owing to the non-fulfilment of contract on the part of the machinist. A considerable force is at work on the Juniata, and the finishing touches are being given to her. The armament of the vessel is on board, consisting of several of the most effective pieces of ordnance in use, besides others of a small calibre.

The steamer Quaker City is yet on the sectional dock, and the gunboat Wissahickon and steamer Water witch occupy their old position at the south pier.

Upon the sloop of-war Monongahela the work is rapidly progressing. The planking of this vessel, though begun only a week or two ago, will be completed by the middle of September.

Since the departure of the Powhatan, a force of men has been put on the gunboat Mohican, and she is to be got ready for sea.

THE IRONSIDES.—Capt TURNER, who has arrived at Fortress Monroe with the Ironsides, gives a favorable report of her qualities, but objects to going o:e: without the vessel's spars. The Navy Department have concluded to send the vessel back to Philadelphia to get her spars, when she will go to se:, the emergency which sent her to the James river having passed over.


# THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, S pt mber 3 1862.



### TERMS

Of Subscription to the Dollar Newspaper, PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year..... $1 00
Club of Six..... 5 00
Club of Thirteen..... 10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to the getter up of the Club..... 15 00
Club of Thirty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club..... 25 00
Club of Fifty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club..... 40 00
Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club..... 60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to the getter up of the Club..... 75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

*Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion*


### TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"RULES FOR PRESERVING HEALTH" are very good, but the article is a little more didactic than is suited to our columns.

"THE ATTACK," by J. D. H., is very spirited, but is marked with imperfections that mar the effusion as poetry. We pass it.

"A SOLDIER," by "Ella,', is very respectfully declined.

"THE PRAYER OF THE SOLDIER'S WIFE," by Mrs. F. B. M. B., is accepted and will early appear. It is a prayer that will echo from many a sympathzing heart throughout this greatly distressed country.

THE TRAVELLER'S FRIGHT," an amusing little Sketch," by A. H. F., we have filed for publication.

## "FAITHFUL FOREVER."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ADMIRAELE PRIZE STORY OF "ZAIDEE; OR, THE RUBY CROSS."

This long-announced story will be commenced in the next number of the "Dollar Newspaper." It is a love story, in the intensest signification of the term. It may be doubted whether a stronger instance of devoted attachment could be shown than that of the heroine. Yet it is not improbable. Woman's nature is capable of the firmest attachment. Like the clinging vine, it seems to depend more on the strength of others than upon itself. We read of instances of noble self-sacrifice in the the pages of history, where the names of the actors have been handed down to posterity; and if we believe them, why may we not meet them in the walks of every-day life? The authoress has taken for her text the following passage, and skilfully has she worked it up into a thrilling story:

"Dark is our fate,
And terrible the storm that lowers o'er us;
But nothing, t'n that latest agony,
Thas severs thee from Nature, shall unloose
This fixed and sacred hold In thy dark prison-house,
In the terrific face of armed law;
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
*I never will forsake thee.*"

The plot is simple, probable, and well constructed; the language good, and the moral unexceptionable. It is a different style of story from "Zaidee;" the range of characters more limited, and the work, as a whole, not so elaborate; but, in its way, it is equally as good. There is a vigor and freshness about this authoress which tickle the appetite of the reader, and make him devour all that is set before him. It is a story that will be popular with the ladies, and is evidently the production of a talented woman.

Those of our readers who wish to command the whole story—and no one who remembers the admirable story of "Zaidee," by the same authoress, will hardly consent to be without it—should at once send in their subscriptions, as few extra copies will be printed, and no provision has yet been made to have it issued in book form.

### NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The news from the seat of war in Virginia has been of a singularly varying character for the last few days, creating the greatest anxiety in the public mind, and alternations between hope and fear. The first despatch from Gen'l Pope, relating the success of Thursday last in the vicinity of Manassas, left the contest to be renewed on Friday morning a few miles beyond Centreville. A second despatch from Pope on Saturday afternoon, gave a brief announcement that the battle on Friday was a most terrific fight, and that the rebels were driven from the field, which the Union troops occupied, but that the rebels were still in his front. This battle was fought on the identical field of the former Bull Run battle, over a year ago, and the reverses at that time to our arms seem to have been gallantly redeemed. The official despatch announcing these facts had raised public anxiety to a high pitch, and a general hope prevailed that Saturday would finish the engagement, with a decided victory for the Union arms. On Sunday morning an unofficial announcement, coming from the Agent of the Associated Press, at Washington, threw the community again into a state of intense excitement by the statement that the rebels on Saturday had succeded in reinforcing Jackson with Lee's division; that Pope had been attacked before Franklin had reached him with his division, sent out on Friday, and had been compelled, after a severe fight, to fall back to Centreville, in good order. This battle seems to have ended about noon on Saturday. At Centreville Franklin joined Pope, and Sumner's division was close at hand hastening also to his aid. All day long the newspaper offices were thronged by persons anxious to learn something further from the battle field, especially as it was announced that another battle was expected. No news in addition to the unofficial despatch was received, however, during the day.

A telegraphic despatch from the Associated Press, received at ten o'clock Sunday night, says there had been but little, if any fighting on Saturday. Our army was well concentrated and in good spirits.

Whether this apparent rest was from exhaustion on both sides, or from severe losses by the enemy, rendering him incapable of following up any advantage implied by Pope's falling back to Centreville, we know not. The neglect, or inability to improve this opportunity must be damaging to the rebel hope of victory. The enemy is far distant from his base of supplies, and the possibility of any further reinforcements than the troops he marched out with from Richmond, while Gen. Pope is within easy reach of his supplies, and his army is augmenting in numbers every day. The number of new recruits which have gone down to Washington within the last few days must fully make up his losses, and the large number which had previously gone down, though raw troops, may be used with advantage behind the fortifications and entrenchments around Washington. They can also be sent to Fredericksburg, and relieve the trained troops of Burnside from duty there to more active service at Centreville. The rebels marched from the Rappahannock without any supplies, except of ammunition. They captured a large amount in their raid of last week in and around Manassas, but an army as big as theirs must have some source of near supply of its own, or be compelled to fall back from want of food, and falling back, under the present circumstances, is as damaging as a repulse, for it will be an acknowledement of failure in the purpose for which this advance was undertaken.

THE FRENCH BLOCKADING FLEET SEIZE AMERICAN VESSELS.—Two American vessels from New York have been seized off Tampico by the French blockading fleet, on the ground of violating the blockade. It is said that the vessels were sailing under Mexican colors to avoid the rebel privateers. This explanation will hardly be sufficient. In the first place there are no rebel privateers now known to be out on the ocean, and in the next place the vessels would probably not have been seized if they could show they were American vessels, not carrying contraband of war. The French blockade will be subject to just such attempts to violate it as ours has been on the part of European vessels. While claiming for ourselves the right to capture vessels believed to be aiding the rebels, we cannot complain of the French for exercising the same right. Shipmasters who do not wish to be interfered with, can always keep out of trouble if they have a mind to.

### IRON IN SUNLIGHT.

How little do we know of the substance of anything. If a man take a glass of water in his hand, he thinks he knows water when he sees it. He can tell you that it is a liquid, has a certain specific gravity and bulk; he knows its appearance, its taste, its feeling as it wets his hand, and his life depends upon constantly renewed drafts of it. And yet there is not one of these properties that a few degrees more or less of heat will not completely alter. Take away a few degrees of heat, and it becomes a solid instead of a liquid, an opaque instead of a transparent body. Add a few degrees of heat and it becomes steam, a few more and the vapor changes into gas, and now is invisible to the eye, and instead of quenching flame, will itself burn.

There is no particle of matter in the universe but what would seem to be subject to very much the same law. Mercury, one of the heaviest of metals, becomes one of the most volatile of gases, and all known substances would seem reducible by a sufficient degree of heat to the gaseous form. That is to say all we know about the original atoms of matter is, that they are a something capable of being acted upon by the forces of the universe in a given manner. The solar spectrum in the hands of Professors Buns n and Kirchhoff, especially the latter, has been made to furnish one of the most remarkable illustrations of this, revealing to us though the color and vibrations of the sun's rays, the constituent elements of that body. So that, at a distance of near a hundred millions of miles, we can absolutely see the evidences in each flash of sunbeam of the presence in that body of iron, copper, zinc, magnesium, calcium, chromium, nickel-barium. There are several more substances that have not yet been determined.

It has long been known to the fireworks' makers that the salts of different metals impart various colors to the fires they produce. Thus it is that every Fourth of July, or in every signal rocket potassium is made use of to produce a violet flame, lithium and strontium red, barium green, sodium yellow. Hence it has long been known to chemists that these colors are among the best tests of the presence of the metals. By means of the spectrum, variously arranged, it was found that the presence of these metals, in a flame, was indicated by certain lines of brightness or darkness which were carefully counted and mapped off. In this way, through the presence of their vapor affecting the light thus variously, iron and many other metals have been shown to be floating in the air. Indeed, no less than *three* new metals have been discovered, first of all by the traces of them thus in the spectrum, being afterwards verified by the distillation of several tons of water and the actual production of the metals called cæsium, rhubidium and thalium. Having thus far carried on and carried out the detection of the most infinitesimal quantities of metals from their effect upon the vibrations of light in the spectrum, the same tests were applied to the light of the sun. Here, too, lines of brightness and of darkness were traceable, were mapped off and were finally made to tell the secrets of their origin with the effect we have said.

Nor is it the sun alone whose constituent elements are thus able to analyze, with an accuracy greater than that of the minutest chemistry. The fixed stars, whose light shines on us through the untold regions of space, and, perhaps, has been thousands of years in reaching this earth, send out in every ray of light a receipt of the metallic bases that give their light its various hues. And all through this vast universe while on the one hand we know so little of the ultimate substance of matter, we are able to demonstrate that it is a something variously affecting the forces of the universe in such a manner as to prove that the same substances exist, and the same forces are operative in the furthest regions of space that our eyes can reach. In them all light traverses, gravitation moves, and even the presence of iron reveals itself through all, one series of laws exhibit a unity of thought, design and intelligent will governing.

### A CONTINENT OF THE FUTURE.

This is the expressive remark lately made by the celebrated explorer, Livingstone, of Africa. And the light received recently in regard to its interior, justifies the prediction. Geographical research, commercial adventure, colonizing enterprise and missionary zeal, unite in opening the continent, and in exhibiting vast fertile regions densely inhabited by much more intelligent and powerful tribes than those to which our former acquaintance was restricted. The explorers of the Tanganyika Lake, in Eastern Africa, report the land visited as abounding in iron and timber, copal mines and ivory, and that the cotton plant is indigenous, and rivals in fineness, firmness and weight the medium staple of the New World.

Livingstone wrote to a friend at Cape Town the result of his recent three months' tour on the Nyassa. He states that the lake is over two hundred miles in length, and is surrounded by mountains, or by high table lands, that appear as such. A mountainous cape divides the southern end into two bays, one thirty and the other eighteen miles in length. We went along the western shore, and found it a succession of bays, until, in the far North, the sphere of the mountains, running sheer down to the water, scarcely afforded landing places. In the South no bottom was felt with our sounding line of thirty-five fathoms. * * * We never saw so many people anywhere else as on its shores; they were on the whole very civil. * * * Healthy localities can be secured on the highlands, which arise on our East to a height of some seven thousand or eight thousand feet above the sea."

Dr. Kirk, in an interesting communication on the natural products and capabilities of the Shire and lower Zambesi valleys, then concludes:

"The expedition has thus shown unlimited tracts of land adapted for cotton, and others suited for sugar cane; the best for both being near the coast, and enjoying a healthy climate, thickly peopled by a race already engaged in the growth of cotton, all that is required being to develope further a branch of industry now existing, in doing which the slave trade would be broken, and the victims of it turned to industry at home. A large supply of ligunm vitæ, ebony, buaze fibre, and Indian rubber has also been pointed ont, while the abundance of wild indigo seems to indicate a country adapted for its production."

Daniel J. May, an officer of the British exploring corps of the Niger, made a journey overland from Rabba, a point about four hundred miles up that river, across Yoreba to Lagos, and then returned to Nupe. In a detailed description of his travels, he stated that:—

"Throughout the journey I met with much consideration and hospitality at almost every place: a goat or a sheep, and a few cowries were given to me, even where I met comparative poverty and much depression; yet parsimony, with shrewdness and industry, are the prevailing characteristics. * * * * Corn, yams and cotton are the principal productions, palm oil being only prepared for their own immediate consumption. The country is evidently capable of producing a vast amount of these commodities."

Rev. George L. Seymour, and Mr. James L. Sines (colored), both enterprising citizens of the flourishing Republic of Liberia, travelled through the Congo country some two hundred miles east of Monrovia. They journeyed in a reverse direction from each other, and agree in declaring the section visited as highly salubrious, and possessed of vast resources of wealth, agricultural, mineral and industrial. Other similar quotations and testimonies might be produced were it necessary. Heretofore the worst and most repulsive aspects of the African continent and its inhabitants have first appeared. Now the inland presents an entirely different character. Towering mountains, large bodies of water and immense tracts of luxuriant land rise before the traveller, producing almost spontaneously not only cotton, coffee and sugar, but other important and desirable products. The people of the interior have generally been found to be physically inferior to no race, and equal to any aboriginal popula ion in activity, hospitality, industry, energy and intelligence. What a field does this rich and populous continent open to America for commercial, colonization and Christian labors! With unrivalled facilities to spread the arts of civilization and the institution of religion, let the future declare that we have not slighted our weighty obligation, nor allowed the great opportunity to escape unimproved.

### A SUCCESSFUL MOVEMENT.

The Mississippi fleet, during its long delay at Vicksburg, allowed the rebels up the Yazoo to do pretty much as they pleased, without molestation. It was there that the ram Arkansas was built and fitted out for hostilities, and it was there rebel batteries were being constructed, and rebel transports were lying secure up the river. Com. Davis seems determined, however, to wipe out the stigma which has been cast upon him for his former indifference or inaction in regard to the Yazoo. He and General Curtis planned an expedition to go up the river and clear out the rebels, and they have done their work very effectively. They captured a rebel transport, loaded with Enfield rifles and ammunition, destined to be sent to Gen. Hindman's aid, who, by his recent letters, seems to be sadly in need of them, but will have to wait a little longer before he is supplied. The land force co-operating with the gunboats captured the encampment of the First Louisiana regiment, burned the depot, and destroyed the railroad and telegraph, cutting off the connections of Vicksburg. In addition to this they captured a battery of heavy guns, some prisoners, and obtained a large amount of property and destroyed a great deal that would be very serviceable to the rebels. This is a very good beginning. Curtis and Davis should keep it up, and give Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas something to do to guard against these incursions to keep them from troubling Tennessee and Kentucky with guerrilla raids.

☞ A number of convalescent soldiers in the hospital in Chester, Delaware county, yesterday obtained liquor outside of the establishment, and becoming drunk, created a disturbance. A detachment of the Provost Guard was sent for to restore order.

### NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ One of the recruiting tents in this city, has this motto: "Come in out of the draft."

It is illegal to sell the new postage stamp currency for more than the face of it.

☞ Prentice says a great many young men are at present down with severe attanks of white liver.

☞ Jim Lane, of Kansas, arrests such white men as he pleases, and hands them over to his negro regiment for punishment and discipline.

☞ Prentice says the night-cap would be the cap of liberty—if it were not for curtain lectures.

☞ The New Orleans secesh ladies still carry knife and pistol, and keep in fine practice with the latter.

☞ Travellers at the White Mountains sleep in the billiard rooms, ten-pin alleys and even coaches, so great is the rush this season.

☞ It is said that Minister Dayton has requested to be recalled and that the President will humor his inclination.

☞ A thunder storm in Worcester destroyed seven thousand panes of glass in D. W. Lincoln's conservatory of that place.

☞ How suddenly a great U. S. success would change the complexion of everything. Business would revive—property would go up—countenances would brighten; the desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the wilderness and the solitary places be made glad. Thank of it every citizen and do your individual part for the country. Aid Boston to contribute her quota for obtaining the success.

☞ Two hundred and ten young ladies of Syracuse and Onondaga coun y have published their names and residences under a pledge to take the places of the clerks and salesmen in the county who will enlist for the war.

☞ A Washington letter writer says—I never yet have seen the ideal nurse. The nearest approach to her was the wife of a young lieutenant who sat *reading a newspaper* while her husband in the bed beside lay writhing with pain.

☞ Father Dunne, a very estimable Catholic priest of Chicago, has volunteered in the service of the Union, and been appointed to the command of a regiment. Col. Mulligan, the hero of Lexington, writing congratulation says: "To be a preist according to the order of Melchisdeck is a great thing, but to be a colonel according to the act of Congress is speaking mildly, "bully."

☞ The following regulations have been made in regard to stamps for proprietary articles under the Direct and Excise Tax Law. Seventh. Where printing in more than one color is desired, the additional expense must be borne by the proprietor. Eighth. Each stamp must bear the words, or a proper abbreviation of the words "United States Internal Revenue," and the name of the article. Also in words and figures, the denomination of the stamps.

☞ The Illinois State Agricultural Society, following the example of sister institutions in adjoining States, has decided to dispense with the State fair this year. Extensive preparations are making, however, for the World's Horse Fair to be held in that city, and which is expected to call out some of the finest stock in the country.

☞ The Negro Colonization project of Senator Pomeroy's seems likely to encounter difficulties at the outset. The Minister from Costa Rica and the Representative of one of the other South American Republics have had an interview with Mr. Seward on the subject. They insist that the parties turning over the land at Chiriqui to our Government, have no legal claim to it; and further represent that, while they gladly welcome emigrants from every quarter, and of every color, and accord them every political and social advantage, they must object to the establishment of colonies on their territory, under the protection of a foreign flag.

☞ Two dollars is all they charge at the Marshal's office, Boston, for an affidavit of two lines, that you are seventy-five years old, and, therefore, exempt, so that you may leave on a little pleasure trip into Canada—"one dollar for the certificate and one for the affidavit!" Woman is exempt, but no more so than the man of seventy-five, and why not charge her also for a similar certificate? What a zest it must give to prayer, deep humiliation, and the kindling of the better emotions to feel a few coins, so earned, in one's breeches pocket!

☞ A correspondent of the London Amaranth, writing from Frankfort-on-the-Main, gives the following extract of a letter from Charlotte Cushman in reference to our war: "I only wish to heaven I could go and be of some service at such a time as this in the United States. I hate the incompetency of womanhood. As a man I could give my brains, my speech, my life, if necessary; as a woman, I can only wait the course of human events. How sad to be obliged to wait, and that, too, at a time when there appears to be so much heart-sickening in the land!" I will not give further extracts, but the whole letter is in this tone.

### LITERARY RECORD.

**Martin Van Buren,** Lawyer, Statesman and Man. By William Allen Butler. New York: D. Appleton & Co., Philade phia. W. P. Hazard, Chesnut street.

This is a graceful tribute to a great statesman, a pure man and most worthy patriot, more, however, in the shape of a funeral oration than a review of the eventful life and services of a gentleman who has filled, and filled creditably, so many distinguished positions under his Government as has Martin Van Buren. The book is neatly issued and contains much to interest and instruct.

**An English Grammar**—By G P. Quackenbos A. M., Principal of the Collegiate School, N. Y.; author of "First Lessons in Composition," "Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric," "A Natural Philosophy," "Illustrated School History of the United States;" "Primary History of the United S ates, &c." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: for sale by W. P. Hazard, Chesnut street.

We most cordially endorse this grammar. The system laid down by Mr. Quackenbos is at once the most lucid, natural and simple that we have ever met with. Those who are familiar with the difficulties attending the imparting a knowledge of English grammar to the youthful mind, and whose task it is to train children to speak and write correctly, should hail with delight a book which will certainly relieve them of at least half their trouble, and make the remainder light. It begins with the beginning, and leads gradually up to the complex and difficult parts of the study; so gradually and naturally, indeed, that it may fairly be likened to a ladder, whereby we are enabled to mount with ease to a lofty eminence.

**The Tax-payer's Manual.**—Containing the acts of Congress imposing direct and excise tax, with complete marginal references and an analytical index, showing all the items of taxation, the mode of proceeding, and the duties of the officers. With an explanatory preface. New York: D. Appleton & Comp. Philadelphia: for sale by W. P. Hazard, Chest street.

This volume covers a copy of the new tariff of duties chargeable upon importations in the ports of the United States, taking effect on the 14th of July last, as arranged by Mr. E. D. Ogden, Chief Duty Clerk of the Custom-House, N. Y. The texts of the several acts are given, accompanied by an alphabetical arrangement of articles of merchandize, with the duty to which each is liable. The volume contains in addition to all the recent circulars and decisions of the Treasury Department, having a bearing upon the subject, tables of foreign weights, measures, and currencies, and much other information of importance to the shipping and importing merchant.

**The Parrish Will Case** in the Court of Appeals.—The statement of facts and the opinion of the Court. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard, Chesnut st.

Outside of New York we doubt whether this case presents very general attractions except for lawyers and medical men. However, it is here offered in a very neat form.

### AMUSEMENTS.

The *Arch* Street Theatre opened on Saturday evening with the popular play of "Money" to a full and fashionable audience. Mrs. Drew, who was received with great feeling and enthusiasm, was the attraction of the evening, and played Clara in most exquisite style; we have never seen her to greater advantage. At the conclusion of the piece she addressed the audience (evidently overcome by her feelings) a few grateful words, and retired, carrying with her the deep sympathies of the audience.

Miss Maggie Mitchell commenced an engagement on Monday evening. She is a young lady of considerable reputation as an actress in her line, and is likely to play a successful engagement.

Mr. E. L. Davenport, and his accomplished wife, were the stars at the opening of the *Walnut*. Damon was the opening performance, and it is needless to say, so far as *their* parts were concerned they were admirably performed. At the conclusion of the piece, in response to a call from the audience, he made an exceedingly witty and apt speech, which was received with shouts of applause. On Monday, Mr. Davenport played Hamlet, a character he invested with all the dreamy poetry of Shakspeare's inspiration. Mr. Tilton took the part of the ghost. The house looked exceedingly gay and handsome.

The *Academy of Music* will be opened on the 6th of October, by Mr. William Wheatley, so well known in connection with the Arch Street Theatre. The initial performance will be by the Ravels. They will be followed by Mr. Forrest, and after Mr. F.'s engagement is concluded, we are promised Ristori, Titien and other operatic singers of European renown. Mr. Wheatley is now managing Niblo's, in New York, but he will have a warm welcome in this city.

The *Eleventh Street Opera House* has opened with *eclat*, and is now in the full tide of success. This week's bill will please every patron of the opera house, and will attract large audiences on each evening.

## NEWS RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH ON MONDAY.

## THE FIGHT OF SATURDAY.

### Jackson forces his way through Our Troops

### A JUNCTION FORMED WITH LEE.

### FEARFUL LOSS ON BOTH SIDES.

WASHINGTON, August 31.—According to all accounts, Gen. Jackson yesterday succeeded in forcing his way through the United States troops surrounding him, and effected a junction with the remainder of the rebel forces. This result was not attained without fearful loss on both sides, and the most desperate fighting occurred.

From all that can be learned, in the absence of any regular report, the corps of McDowell, Porter, Heintzleman and Sigel were engaged, the former having the left, the latter the right, and the others operating about the centre. The principal fighting seems to have been on the left and centre. The left was thrown up from Manassas Junction towards Thoroughfare Gap, the right at and about Centreville, and the centre on the old Bull Run battle-field out from Manassas.

The action was commenced by the enemy opening his batteries upon our left, between one and two o'clock. Their guns were strongly and advantageously posted upon a ridge, while our batteries had to fire from the open plain. Morrell's division supported the batteries at this point. After some severe canonading, Gen. Buford's brigade of cavalry, comprising the 1st Michigan, 1st Virginia and 1st Vermont, were ordered to our extreme left to reconnoitre and guard against any attempt to turn the left flank, which movement was threatened by the enemy.

Riding beyond our left, where the infantry were formed close behind on batteries which were playing with great precision upon the enemy, while our troops were cheering vociferously, the cavalry reached a slight eminence, and were about to send out a detachment to explore, when the enemy were seen coming up in force along the line of the adjacent woods. A battery was observed to wheel into position, and then came shell, thrown into their midst, followed by canister and grape.

Thus was discovered the intention of the enemy to attempt a flank movement. Long lines of infantry could plainly be seen hurrying up to take position, and soon other batteries were brought up and opened upon our left. The cavalry, forced to retire, retreated behind a low ridge, but the clouds of dust revealing their place of retreat, the rebels continued shelling them, and another change of position was made. Here a body of cavalry was observed ridiag towards them, and sabres were drawn to meet the coming foe.

The advancing squadron proved to be friends, the Fourth New York Cavalry, attached to Sigel's corps. Where they had come from, as Sigel was on the right, was and is a mystery. They reported Stuart's cavalry as about making a charge. The New York cavalry fell in behind Buford's brigade, the bugles sounded, and over the hill galloped our horsemen to meet the advancing foe.

As our men approached, the rebel cavalry discharged double-barrelled shot guns, and then met in full charge. Our men broke the enemy's line, and pursued them. The foe rallied in splendid style, and dashed forward again to meet the charge. Again their line was broken, and as our cavalry was preparing to charge again, the Confederates opened fire upon them from batteries and with musketry, compelling them to retire. Meanwhile, the left had given way, and was on the retreat, passing the cavalry.

A battery, which had run short of ammunition, was on the point of being captured, but, under the determined resistance of the cavalry, was safely brought off. The troops fell back upon Franklin's division, which had just come up, and were formed in line to prevent straggling, and anything like a panic. Had General Franklin's corps arrived two hours earlier upon the field, the result of the day's fighting would have been different.

The fact of Stuart's cavalry being armed with double-barrelled shot guns is proved by a number of the guns being captured, and several of the cavalry having buck-shot wounds. Col. Brodhead, commanding the 1st Michigan cavalry, was captured. Lt. Merriam was wounded and taken prisoner. Lt. Morse was killed. Franklin's division retired to Centreville, after preventing confusion, and giving the retreating troops time to rally.

During the fight a body of the enemy, concealed in a body of woods, annoyed our forces much by their rifle practice. Martindale's Brigade charged them and drove them from the woods, amidst the cheers of our troops.

Hartsuff's Brigade made a similar charge, but with a different result. They penetrated the woods, when a deadly fire of grape and canister was opened upon them from a masked battery. At the same time a murderous volley of rifle balls came from one side, and a desperate charge of the enemy from the other. Our men fought bravely, but were forced to retire.

The enemy remained upon the battle-field over night. To-day there has been some skirmishing. Reinforcements are going up to-day, and a battle is anticipated on the morrow.

The road from Alexandria, extending to Centreville, was densely crowded all day with wagon trains, ambulances, hacks and private conveyances, on the way to and from the latter place. The number of wounded sent to Washington was comparatively small.

Not a few persons, who had reached Centreville and intermediate points, intending to aid the sick and wounded, were turned back, for the reason that the battle-field at Manassas was in the possession of the rebels, and that their services were not needed. Many who had ridden to Centreville have returned to Alexandria on foot.

Pickets had been thrown out all along the road, to prevent stragglers from deserting the front. Four Government employees, who had started from Gen. McClellan's headquarters last night, in company with a mail carrier, intending to act as nurses, were arrested at Ball's Cross Roads, on suspicion of being spies; but, on returning to McClellan's headquarters, were discharged.

### Latest from the Army in Virginia.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—Despatches received from Fairfax Court House, about seven miles from Centreville, state that no fighting had been heard from there up to noon to-day.

General Banks' forces were heard from last night, in a favorable position for joining General Pope's army.

### From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—General Taylor, who was wounded in a recent battle, died last night at Alexandria.

The residence of Corcoran, the banker, has been taken for a hospital. The grounds will accommodate five hundred tents. Other houses in the District will be occupied for similar purposes.

Surgeon Gen. Hammond is the only one at present having authority to grant passes to the army lines on business connected with the wounded. Hundreds of physicians from Pennsylvania and other States arrived here to-day. All available hacks, omnibuses and other vehicles, including express and store wagons, were pressed into service of the Government to-day, for public purposes.

Some of our citizens have already responded to the request to receive wounded into their houses.

Officers, principally of new regiments, have so thronged our hotels and other public places for some days past that the Provost Guard found reason to make an arrest of them. All not entitled to be absent from their respective regiments are to report themselves to-morrow to the aids of Gen. Halleck.

### From Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 30.—The steamship Baltic arrived here this morning, and awaits orders.

Reinforcements are ordered to-day to Jamestown Island.

City point is entirely demolished by the U. S. gunboats. For some time past the rebels have been firing into the transports passing up and down the James river. Com. Wilkes sent the rebels word that, if it was not discontinued, he should destroy their rendezvous at City Point. On Thursday last, the rebels brought down to City Point eight cannon and about two hundred riflemen and opened fire on the Union flotilla, which at the time was near and abreast of that point, whereupon our gunboats opened fire upon them, and demolished every building in the place and dispersed the rebel force.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 31.—The Ironsides left Fortress Monroe to-day noon for Philadelphia. Her trip has been successful.

A flag of truce was sent up the James river to Aiken's Landing to-day, and carried up Col. Forney, of Alabama, who was wounded, taken prisoner, and paroled some time ago. They also took up some women and children. The Baltic steamship is being loaded with troops to-day.

A young lad, by the name of Seeger, applied yesterday to the Provost Marshal for a pass to go over the lines to rebeldom, but refused to take the oath of allegiance. The Provost, after allowing him to wait till he had given passes to all loyalists present requiring them, sent his guard with young Seeger to General Dix, to inquire what should be done with him; but when he arrived at headquarters his sentimenas were so far changed that he took the oath.

### The War in Tennessee.

CAIEO, August 31.—Despatches received at head-quarters here state that the rebels are marching on Fort Donelson with the purpose of attacking it. The number of the enemy's force is not known.

Memphis advices ssy that on the 28th Col. Wood attacked three thousand rebels at Bolivar, completely routing them after a short engagement. Our loss was one killed. The rebel loss is not stated.

The rebel steamer Fair Play, which was captured in the Yazoo a few days since, has arrived here.

General Curtis' Staff has arrived at headquarters.

The General has a leave of absence in order to enable him to attend the Pacific Railroad meeting, to be held at Chicago.

LATER—THE OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

GEN. GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS, August 31, 1862.

*To* Major General HALLECK, General-in-Chief:—General—The following despatch is received from Bolivar, Tennessee:—

"Col. Hugg, in command of the Twentieth and Twenty-ninth Ohio Infantry, and some cavalry, was attacked by about 4000 rebels yesterday. Our troops behaved well, driving back the enemy, whose loss was over 100. Our loss only 25 men killed and wounded, Colonel Hugg being one of the number."

(Signed) U. S. GRANT,
Major General Commanding."

### Capture of a Rebel Railroad Train.

HERNANDO OCCUPIED BY U. S TROOPS—BRAGG MOVING FOR WESTERN VIRGINIA.

MEMPHIS, August 30.—A meeting of guerrillas was surrounded yesterday, and eighteen captured by our troops.

A train of cars from Grenada was captured on Thursday, and Hernando occupied by the U. S. troops. The rebels are said to be at Cold Water, only four miles distant.

Gen. Villepigue, with 9000 rebels, is reported to be moving through Grand Junction.

Prominent Secessionists say that Bragg's rebel forces are gone to Western Virginia and will soon reach the Kanawha river, and from thence march to Ohio.

### The War in Kentucky—Proclamation by Gen. Robinson.

CINCINNATI, August 1.—General Nelson, wounded in the late battle near Richmond, Ky., arrived here to-night.

A special despatch to the Commercial, dated to-day, contains a proclamation issued by Gen. Robinson. He says:

"The State has been invaded by an insolent foe, her honor insulted, her peace disturbed and her integrity imperilled. The small, but gallant army, raised upon the emergency of the occasion for her defence, under the brave and chivalrous Nelson, has met with a temporary disaster, and the enemy is advancing to accomplish his purpose, the subjugation of the State. He must be met and driven from the border, and it is in your power to do so." He calls on every loyal citizen of Kentucky to rally in defence of the State, to raise up as one man, to strike a blow in defence of their native land, their property, their homes.

LEXINGTON (KY.) EVACUATED.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 1.—Lexington, Ky., was evacuated this afternoon, our troops falling back on Covington.

All stores were removed to Danville.

At 7 o'clock to-night the Lexington operator closed his office, saying that Kirby Smith had appeared in the suburbs and demanded the surrender of the city, which was complied with by the citizens.

There is a considerable excitement existing here, and extensive preparations are making for defence.

Gen. Lew. Wallace has assumed command of the troops here.

A number of regiments are arriving *en route* for the seat of war.

### War Meeting in Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 1.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of citizens was held here this morning, at the Court House. Hon. Jas. Guthrie presided.

Several spirited and patriotic speeches were made and resolutions passed. Among the resolutions was one requesting the Mayor to issue a proclamation calling on all male citizens to arm themselves to be ready to meet the rebels, in case they attack us.

The meeting adjourned to meet again as soon as the Mayor issues his proclamation.

The Legislature adjourned at Frankfort today and removed to this city.

Governor Robinson and many members are here now. It is said that the Legislature will convene at the Court House to-morrow.

The citizens are very much excited at the near approach of the rebels.

PROCLAMATION OF THE MAYOR.

The Mayor of this city has offered the following proclamation:

In conformity with the resolution passed this evening, I call upon the citizens for the purpose of completing their enrolment.

Citizens are requested to report the number and character of the arms in their possession.

Captains of Home Guard companies, now organized, will likewise report the number of their men, and the arms now in their possession.

All citizens who are able to bear arms, who fail or refuse to report themselves for enrolment for the protection of their homes and firesides, will be looked upon as a common enemy

All reports will be made to Col. Thomas W. Gibson, at 12 o'clock on the 2d inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, he having been empowered by the Governor to take charge of the home forces of the city.

(Signed) I. M. DELPH, Mayor.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR.

I, James F. Robinson, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, do hereby authorize Thomas W. Gibson, of Louisville, to organize and bring into the field all the able-bodied men in the county of Jefferson and city of Louisville. Given under my hand, &c.

J. F. ROBINSON,
Governor of Kentucky.

The public archives were removed from Frankfort, and one million in treasure from the banks at Richmond, Lexington and Frankfort arrived here to-day.

Gen. John W. Finnell, Adjutant General of Kentucky, has established his head-quarters in Kentucky.

The city is in a blaze of excitement to-night. The citizens are enrolling themselves, and making great preparations.

A correspondent of the Herald writes that the rebel Morgan and his band left Glasgow at four o'clock on Saturday. Whilst there he destroyed all the indictments for treason returned by the Grand Jury at the last term of the Court, over a hundred in number, and mutilated the records of the Court so that no traces of the indictments are left.

He also stole the horses, mules and other property of Union men.

The telegraph is in operation to Nashville again.

## THE MARKETS.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

—The following abstract of a Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season as compared with the corresponding time last year:

| ROADS. | Week. | Season. | Last Season. | Incr'se | Decr'se |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Reading | 60,845 | 1,534,263 | 1,185,030 | 349,233 | |
| Schuyl'k | 32,062 | 676,626 | 702,547 | | 125,921 |
| Lehigh N. | | 267,258 | 367,137 | | 350,531 |
| Lehigh V. | 27,768 | 544,835 | 522,101 | 22,733 | |
| Del. & L. | 26,090 | 695,985 | 771,924 | | 24,339 |
| Del. & H. | 29,070 | 231,013 | 491,019 | | 179,019 |
| Pa C Co. | 27,473 | 261,368 | 374,266 | | 112,991 |
| Shamok | 7,083 | 145,855 | 129,495 | 16,360 | |
| Broad Top | 7,945 | 267,310 | 153,410 | 53,900 | |
| Lyken's V | 4,871 | 99,410 | 99,410 | | 6 |
| Treverton. | 1,454 | 43,184 | 28,511 | 13,673 | |
| Totals.... | 222,841 | 4,863,900 | 4,833,857 | 455,699 | 784,657 |

The coal tonnage of the past week shows a fair increase on that of the previous week, and has swelled the aggregate for the season to 4,553,900 tons, against 4,822,857 tons the same time last year, showing a loss of only 328 957 tons. This difference is gradually lessening each successive week, mainly by the greatly increased tonnage over the Reading Railroad. When the Lehigh Navigation is fully repaired, which is hoped for in a week or two, the production of the season will very soon overcome the existing deficit.

—Letters at New York from Europe by the Persia, we understand, state that a change has taken place in the opinion of the moneyed classes with regard to the value of American securities. Large numbers of persons who sold out their American stocks at a loss, under the influence of the London Times, are now discovering that they would have made money if they had held on, and that the large traffic on the Northern and Western railways renders their securities better property than they were before the war. Some of these persons are buying back, at higher prices, the stocks they sold two months ago. People are beginning to understand, in England, that the war with the Southern rebels does not involve any injury to the Northern railroads, and that the very expenditures of the Government renders the preservation of its credit an indispensable necessity. It is a pity, for their sake, that they make the discovery so tardily. Letters of similar purport have been received in this city from parties prominent in the railroad interest of this country

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

## GIFTS.

**Dedicated to the Patriotic Maidens of the United States.**

BY ECHO QUILLPEN.

Gently closed the fading eye of day.
Feebly beamed its pensive, parting ray,
In sadness on the scene;
Softly hush'd was evening's balmy breath,
Quiet was the placid hour as death—
So solemnly serene.

Near an ivied cot in virent dale,
Hidden by the willow's leafy veil
That trailed the grassy ground;
Loving hearts were beating sorrow's march,
Audible alone in heaven's arch—
Where ear Divine is found.

Silently their sad, conflicting thoughts
Stormed the steeps of grief and conquests wrought
Of rarest, noblest stamp;
Selfishness innate was vanquished there,
Triumph crowned that loving, loyal pair,
With light from Freedom's lamp.

"Go, dear Charles," at length the maiden said
Teardrops glist'ning as she raised her head
And grasped his manly neck—
"Dearer much than life art thou to me,
Yet to Freedom would I offer thee—
Thy blood her garb to deck.

"Sadly speak I thus: on mem'ry's page
Plighted vows my inmost soul engage
And point to promised joys;
Even could I wish thou mightst delay—
Wait til I passeth by our wedding day,
Before thou join'st the ships.

"Going, as thou art, our homes to save,
Buckle on the armor of the brave
And for the strife prepare;
Calling is thy country—great her need—
Never let *me* do so *weak a deed*
As *keep thee* from the war.

"Noblest, fairest country! she shall stand
Grandest 'mong the kingdoms of the land—
'THE UNION' evermore!
Valiant be thy heart then—strong thy sword—
Cleaving down rebellion's sacking horde
Upon their fields of gore!

"Giving to my country, *thee*, my hope,
Ever upright be—with evil cope—
And bat le for the right;
O'er thy heart this jewelled *locket* wear—
It contains my picture and some hair—
Mementoes of to night.

"On thy finger let me place this *ring*—
Faithful mem'ries will it kindly bring
Of friendship's golden tie;
Likewise wear this *silken sash* of blue—
Telling that my love remaineth true
Till both of us shall die.

"Carry in thy vest this *volume* small—
Read it when thou canst—'tis *God's Word* all—
Preserved for dying man;
Lastly, take my *pray'rs*. Oh! may the Lord
Refuge and protection kind afford
From danger's stealthy bane!

"Heaven guide thee—all thy thoughts imbue—
Scatter blessings, as the gentle dew,
Upon thy tender head;
Lengthen out thy fragile thread of life—
Crown with victory all thy toil and strife,
And glory on thee shed.

"Loving, waiting, praying, I'll remain,
Till the dove of peace we shall regain—
And civil liberty;
When, enrobed with evergreens of fame—
Honors perching on thy worthy name—
Thou wilt return to me.

"Then with hope enlarged, and joy intense,
Will I give *myself* a recompense
Thy life to happify;
Safe adown the slanting steeps of life
Shalt thou guard the sanctity constant, trusting wife—
United till we die."

*Mooresburg, Pa., August*, 1862.

## THE FARMER.

[☞ We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### FOOD OF PLANTS.

Philosophers have differed widely from each other as to what really constitutes the *food* of growing plants. Lord Bacon looked upon *water* as the source of vegetable life, and the soil or earth as being merely designed to give growing plants an upright position and guard their roots against the extremes of heat and cold. Jethro Tull, on the other hand, considered *pulverized earth* as the only essential source of vegetable life in plants, and based his system of agriculture upon this idea. Du Hamel, of France, at first adopted the same theory, but finally abandoned it as erroneous. Von Helmont, of Belgium, and Boyle, of England, made experiments that *prima facie* disproved this doctrine of Tull. For Von Helmont on planting a *cutting of a willow tree* in a bed of *dry* earth, carefully weighed and protected against accretion by a tin plate, so perforated as to admit of only rain and distilled water, with which it was occasionally moistened, after a lapse of five years found the willow cutting to have increased *one hundred and sixty-four pounds* in weight, while the bed of earth itself only *lost two ounces* of its own original weight. And Boyle made a similar experiment with *gourds* and with a like result—thus apparently disproving or upsetting Tull's theory. But these seemingly conclusive experiments of Von Helmont and Boyle were themselves, in turn, greatly weakened, if not entirely overthrown, by experiments made by Margraff, Bergmann, Hales, Kirwan, and others. For Margraff showed that the rain-water itself used by Von Helmont was charged with saline and other *earthy* matter. And Bergman proved that fact by an actual analysis of such water, while Hales and Kirwan demonstrated, by their experiments, that the earth in which the willow cutting was planted, could absorb, and very likely did absorb, these earthy substances through the pores of the wooden box that contained the willow, and that a glass case alone would prevent such absorption—so that Tull's views were not satisfactorily refuted by Von Helmont and Boyle. Hunter, on discovering the fact that *oil and salt* form constituent elements of plants, drew the inference that these substances formed their principal food, and so recommended an *oil compost* manure as the great *desideratum* in agriculture. Lord Kames (Sir Henry Home) of Scotland, vainly attempted to revive and popularize the declining creed of Lord Bacon, but on learning from Hales' "Statistical Essays, containing an essay towards a Natural History of Vegetation," that the one-third part of the weight of green peas consisted of carbonic acid, he (Kames) added *air* to the *watery* element of the English philosopher. For he entirely rejected the idea that *earth*, and *oil*, and *salt*, were the real food of plants, as the first two substances were, in his opinion, altogether too gross to enter the spongioles or mouths of the roots of plants, while the third (salt) was too acrid in its nature to afford them any nourishment. But we are now satisfied from the chemical researches and the experiments of Bonnet, Chaptel, Davy, De Saussure, Ingenhouz, Priestly, Sennebier, Schroeder, and others, that the elements which constitute the food of plants are some seventeen or more in number, and consist of silica or silex, alumina, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, oxide of manganese, potash, soda, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen or azote, carbonic acid, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, chlorine, light and heat, and perhaps a few other elements. And hence those who in our day prepare and recommend any manure as a *specific* manure for all sorts of farm crops will be just as unsuccessful in their designs as the Abbe De Valemont was with his *prolific liquor*, and De Hare and De Valliers were, years ago, with their manurial *powders*, &c. But more of this hereafter, if necessary.

*August*, 1862. WEST BRANCH.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### A NICE FARM.

Will it pay to have one? The thousand and one comforts that a well-conducted and well-regulated farm, with its appurtenances—orchard, kitchen garden, flower garden, grapery, orchard of small fruits, beehouse, hennery, &c., &c.,—produce to its fortunate possessor, would seem to ensure the same to every person who supports the title of "Lord of the soil." How beautiful the prospect, to see the honest, sturdy, manly farmer as he passes over his domain, move from flower to flower, from bush to bush, from vine to vine, from tree to tree, from field to field, lending his aid and contributing his ability in producing those manifold articles, that serve in the highest degree to feast the eye and the appetite. What higher, nobler, or more enviable position could a true ambition ask or seek for? A work that conduces and leads to happiness alone, or without the sacrifice of either man or beast, or leading to the right or to the left into any of the paths of vice or crime; that has neither in it, nor nearly or remotely connected with it, anything that is the least tempting to evil. On the contrary—a business in which each progressive step is a further developing of the works of Nature, by which the goodness, the greatness, and the wisdom of the Creator is made more fully to appear. Every honest occupation has its beautiful aspects, and in each there is opportunity to do the work of a philanthropist. But as farming approaches to perfection, there is no business so elevating—none that brings into connection with it, or is composed of more different branches of trade, and each and every one furnishing such palatable food for the many faculties of man. It is said that a lawyer can never learn anything amiss, that Daniel Webster once gained an important case by having an exact knowledge of onion seed. A farmer may not only not learn anything amiss, but he has the constant opportunity of putting all he can learn into practical account. The merchant may revel in the midst of his desks and counters, the lawyer entertain himself with his briefs, the doctor cling to his saddlebags, the hammer and tongs be forever the property of Mr. Smith, but give to us the implements of agriculture, of horticulture, of floriculture, &c., &c., and as we believe it will pay, will try to have a nice farm.

*Ida, Mich.*, 1862. E. W.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### HOW TO RAISE PEACH AND APPLE TREES.

In the "Newspaper," of April 30th, "H. Z." inquires the mode of raising apple and peach trees from seed; also the time of budding peach trees. Having had some experience in raising apple and peach trees from the seed, I will give him my plan. The land should be rich, mellow, dry, and plowed *deep*, in the fall. The next spring cross plow, roll, and harrow well. For apple the rows should be eighteen inches broad, and thirty inches between the rows—let the rows run North and South, if the surface of the ground will permit; they should be raised a little, and made mellow and fine with a common six-tined potato hook. Let good, plump, bright seed be planted, and to every forty rods of said row in length, sow one bushel of seed. Work the seed in with the hook. Sow from the 1st to the 20th of April. After the plants come up, keep the soil loose around the roots with the hook, using a common corn cultivator between the rows as often as once a month. In the fall plow a furrow each side of the row, towards the trees, throwing the soil among the roots. Proceed the next summer in the same way; and in the fall, or eighteen months from seed, the plants will be ready to take up and graft. The ground for peach trees should be fitted the same as for apple, with the exception that the rows should be only six inches broad. The peach pits should be frozen the winter before sowing, by placing them on the surface of the ground in a heap and covering them slightly with dry sand—a layer of pits and a covering of sand alternately; about half of them will be open by spring; crack the rest carefully, so as not to injure the seed, with a hammer; sow pits and seeds together—a bushel to every fifteen rods of row in length. Cultivate the same as for apple. About three-fourths will be ready to bud that fall. The time for budding peaches is from the 1st to the 20th of September, according to the season. Some seasons the bark will not peel until the 15th of September, and at other seasons it will peel the last of August. WM. W. C.

*Fortress Monroe, Va.*, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### GRAIN DRILLS.

Experiments and experience have both shown that the seeds of all the cereals grow the most readily and surely at an average depth of one and a half inches. In order to insure this depth of planting, grain drills have to be resorted to; and, if well made and of proper construction, they are the only reliable means for planting at a uniform depth. The drill also covers every kernel, giving birds and vermin no chance for depredations, and, of course, requiring less seed to be sown. Indeed so much less quantity of grain is required to drill an acre than is required to broad-cast, that the sowing in seed alone pays the cost of drilling. We have not unfrequently very dry weather about the time wheat is sown—there is one advantage in drilling wheat in this case that should not be overlooked; the drill deposits the seed evenly and *below the dry surface soil*, and thus insures immediate and more regular germination. Grain can be sown with a drill as well during high winds as when it is calm, thus rendering the farmer in a greater degree independent of the weather. Drilling wheat renders it less liable to be winter-killed as the plants have a more certain foothold in the soil, and the ridges left by the drill between the rows of wheat will be gradually crumbled down by the action of the frosts of winter over the roots of the plant, and thus prevent the plants from being heaved out or winter-killed. In order to drill in grain well, the land must be in good tilth, well plowed, and thoroughly harrowed. No half-way work will do; for if the land is not thoroughly pulverized the drill will not cover the seed and the labor is lost. The soil should be well prepared beforehand and should not be harrowed after drilling in the grain. Therefore drilling, by covering the seed at a uniform depth, by covering all the seed, by not permitting it to be blown about by the winds, by preventing winter-killing of fall grain, by effecting a great saving in seed, and by requiring good cultivation of the soil, preparatory to sowing any kind of grain, is the best manner of sowing the cereal grains. BUCKEYE.

*Chili, Ohio*, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### WHEAT, OATS, BUGS, ETC.

The time will soon be here when the farmer ought to commit seed to the earth for a future crop—now is the time for care in the preparation of the ground and in the selection of seed. Experience has been speaking in unmistakable accents in favor of early sowing and hardy varieties of wheat—the late sowed wheat of the smooth variety failed this harvest, as also did spring wheat—weevil, bugs and rust left nought to the farmer but blackened straw. But the late early sowed, of the bearded variety particularly, withstood these enemies. Farmers' labor is too valuable to be lost in random farming. It behooves them to look well to their interests now that laborers are few and the demand for grain likely to be great. Oats is nearly a failure, caused by the ravages of the bugs. Corn will well nigh be a failure from drought in this part of the country. There will be no oats or corn for exportation. The wheat crop is all the dependence though that is considerably impaired. The men and horses in the army must be fed, and the farmers remaining at home must produce the supply. Every nerve must be strained to meet the demand. It is important that they should so improve on their past experience, that with the blessing of Heaven they may insure a bountiful crop. Let them spare no pains to prepare the ground; secure good, hardy seed wheat, and sow early in September. They should realize their importance in sustaining their country, while their sons and brothers are in the fields of death and destruction they should be busy in the fields of *life* and production, that all may work together in the restoration of our common country to her once prosperous and happy state. CARL.

*Ryerson's Station, Pa.*, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### SALT FOR LAND.

As the season is rapidly approaching for putting in the winter grain crops, and at the same time seeding down to grass, I would recommend every farmer who really is a farmer, to harrow in after plowing, at least three bushels of rock salt to the acre. Refuse salt to be obtained at any of the large warehouses, will do, and it can be purchased at about thirty cents per bushel. The "three bushel to the acre" is the English plan. I first read of it in the "Mark Lane Agricultural Journal," three years since, and commenced from that date to salt all lands that I was about laying down. The result has been so satisfactory that I shall continue it as long as I till the soil. The advantages to be derived are: first, a heavier crop of grain than would otherwise be the case, and more pounds to the bushel; second, just as much grass as the most stalwart mower would care about cutting down, and, third, a prime, sweet piece of land. My rye this summer was the handsomest I ever saw, and weighed five pounds over the standard weight, while the grass, put in at the same time, now stands as thick as the hair on any of my seven pussy cats, indeed such a meadow could not be beaten anywhere. English farmers are known to cut two crops of hay in a season where salt is used, and I do not doubt but what the same could be done here. I have never yet tried the second mowing, for the reason that my cattle and horses have needed the lots after the first mowing for pasture. Of course in using salt the usual quantity of manure that would be used without it must not be omitted. F. A. A.

*Rye, N. Y.*, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

FLEAS, ETC.—*Wanpalla County, Wis.*—I noticed an article on fleas, in a June number of the "Dollar Newspaper," and I saw the answer by "Observer," but I thought his observations and experience did not *quite* reach the case where a remedy is most needed, namely, in our dwellings; and having had some experience as a housekeeper, I give it for the benefit of those who may be infested with those poisonous insects. I say poisonous, for there is none of the insect species that is more so among children, bedbugs not excepted. I agree with "Observer" perfectly in regard to outdoor cleanliness, for that of all remedies is the most important, and if you are the keeper of a dog that does not seem too much like "one of the family," I advise you to be rid of it at once, thereby destroying your greatest harbor for fleas, and saving a tax of a dollar, with which you can buy the "Dollar Newspaper" for a year, which affords so much useful reading for yourself and amusement for the children. I repeat it as a fact, that ill-kept, strawy farm-yards and filthy dog kennels are the most prolific sources of increase. But often in small villages, where yards are kept clean, they are found to infest houses moderately neat, especially where coarse carpets are worn, such as rag-carpet, or druggel, which makes a safe retreat from the broom, mop-brush or hair-broom. I once moved into a house in the town of Hoosick, where fleas were a fixed institution. Sitting-room, parlors, bed-chambers even, were not exempt. Knowing salt to be an antidote for their poisonous bite, I determined on trying the experiment of cleaning house with salt. I had my carpets taken up and whipped clean; I washed my floors with hot brine, which salted the floors generally, when dry I sifted a quart of common barrel salt on each floor and put down my carpet; and occasionally when I swept I would sprinkle a handful of salt on the carpet before sweeping. The result was, it drove them entirely from the premises. Some of my neighbors, who were not too lazy, tried my experiment with the same happy success, and I believe if all would have been thorough in adopting the use of my experiment, fleas at this day in Hoosick would be nought but a circumstance in history.

GROUND CHERRIES.—For the Wisconsin readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" I would give the following receipts for using the Ground Cherry or Sand-berry. They grow spontaneously in the fields, but when cultivated in the garden they grow much nicer and yield fruit abundantly.

To make a substitute for raisins, half dry the Ground Cherry in the sun, then melt a little sugar and pour over them, just enough to wet them, and finish drying in the oven. For fruit cake or mince pies they are really a substitute.

For pickles, pour over the Ground Cherry spiced vinegar scalding hot; let them stand over night and they are ready for use.

For winter use, keep the Ground Cherry in the garden, as late as convenient, then gather them with husks on, and set them away in a cool place. They will keep all winter and make excellent pies, used as cherries, but should be seasoned with extract of lemon.

EXPERIMENTAL HOUSEKEEPER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### RECIPES.

A NICE WAY TO COOK CHICKEN.—The following is highly recommended to housekeepers: Cut the chicken up, put it in a pan and cover it over with water; let it stew as usual, and, when done, make a thickening of cream and flour, adding a piece of butter and pepper and salt; have made and baked a pair of short-cakes, made as for pie crust, but rolled thin and cut in small pieces. This is much better than chicken pie and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish, and the chicken gravy put over it while both are hot.

CHICKEN CORN PIE.—First prepare two chickens as for frying, then put them down and let them stew in a great deal of good, rich, highly-seasoned gravy until they are just done; then have ready picked two dozen ears of corn; take a very sharp knife and shave them down once or twice and scrape the heart out, with the rest already shaved down; then get a baking pan, a deep one; place a layer of the corn on the bottom of the pan or dish; then a layer of the chicken with some of the gravy, and then a layer of the corn, and so on until you get all the chicken in; then cover with the corn, and then pour in all the gravy, and put a small lump of butter on the top and set it to baking in not a very hot oven. It does not take long to cook. As soon as the corn is cooked it will be ready to send to the table. It can either be sent in the pan it is baked in or turned out into another dish. There must be great deal of gravy or it will cook too dry.

RYE CAKES.—Four and a half cups of rye meal, three eggs, one and a half teaspoonful cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda; mix with milk till about as thick as fritter, and add a little salt. To be eaten when hot.

SAVOY BISCUIT.—Take of sugar the weight of six eggs, beat the yellow and white of twelve eggs separately, grate in the rind of a lemon; after being in the oven a few minutes grate on some sugar. You may add peach water or lemon juice, or any flavoring extract.

BISCUIT OF FRUIT.—To the pulp of any scalded fruit put an equal weight of refined and sifted sugar, beat it two hours, and then it into little white paper forms, dry in a cool oven, turn the next day, and in two or three days box them.

ONE EGG TEA CAKE.—One egg, four tablespoonful of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, a gill of milk, one teaspoonful of yeast; powder enough flour to make it the consistency of pound-cake; season to taste; bake in patties.

TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.—Wipe and put them in salt and water strong enough to bear an egg, in which let them remain six or seven days, then scald in vinegar to green them, after which, put them in cold spiced vinegar. Beans are done the same. *Superior Method.*—Put them into salt and water for three days, then scald weak vinegar and pour on them, and let them remain three more days, when you must scald your new vinegar with a few onions, ginger root and horse-radish, and set them in a cool place for use.

CRACKERS.—One pint of water, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonful cream of tartar, flour enough to make as stiff as biscuit; let them stand in the oven until dried through. They do not need pounding.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

### INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

SUBSTITUTE FOR GUNPOWDER IN BLASTING.—A new substance, called pyronome, has been introduced for blasting in quarries and mines, and which, as compared with gunpower, is much lighter, and produces the same effect. Its cost price is considerably less than that of gunpowder, but it cannot be advantageously used for firearms. This substance is composed of nitrate of soda, the residue of tan after it has been used for tanning, and powdered sulphur. The operations for its preparation are as follows: Dissolve the nitrate of soda in a sufficient quantity of water, mix the tan with this solution in such a manner that all parts may become impregnated; mix the powdered sulphur in the same manner; finally, take the product from the fire and dry it. When completely dried, it may be placed in sacks or barrels for use. Thus made, the article is found much superior to gunpowder, as well as cheaper. It also possesses the rare quality of retaining its explosive properties after being subjected to damp or wet—merely requiring to be dried.

PUDDLE STEEL.—A writer in the Mining Journal states that he has manufactured puddle steel from pig iron and wood—white pine—for the last three years, in a single puddling furnace. The average produce of one single furnace in three hours was twenty-five cwt., and the steel was produced at an advance of twenty-three per cent. on the price of wrought iron. The waste never exceeded three and one half per cent., and often less, although the greater part of it was reduced to three-eighths and one-half inch square pieces. The steel was used for all kinds of mechanical purposes, such as taps, dies, chisels, hammers, cutters, knives, etc. Cutters have been made from the fag end of a one and a half inch billet, rolled direct from the puddle bloom at the same heat, which have stood. Working regularly for twenty-four hours, planing a rough casting, without requiring to be sharpened. Is prepared, before tempering, it shows a very fine silky fibre, and is of great strength and elasticity.

CHRONOMETERS.—Prof. Airy has recently made an interesting report to the British Government, involving the results of his examination of various chronometers. Prof. A. says that the material and workmanship of all the chronometers is very good, there being amongst nearly all of them but very little difference in this respect; and, in uniform circumstances of temperature, on the part of the chronometers would go almost as well as an astronomical clock. The great cause of failure is the want of compensation, or the too great compensation for the effects of temperature. Another very serious cause of error has its source in the oil, which is injured by heat. This is very different in different cases. Thus, in one case by one chronometer maker is not at all injured by heat, while some of that used by another chronometer maker was found to be so bad that after going through the same heating as those of the first mentioned maker, the rates of the chronometers were changed, on returning to ordinary temperature, by eighty seconds per week.

ORNAMENTATION OF PORCELAIN.—The French artisans now ornament porcelain with gold, by hydrophoric acid and electroplating, in the following ingenious manner. The porcelain is first covered with a varnish, upon which the drawing is made with a fine point. The subject is then eaten out by the acid vapors, and the vessels afterwards plunged into silver or gold baths, when a deposit of these metals is determined, in the parts corroded by the acid, by means of galvanism. In some cases certain colored mineral powders are rubbed into the tracings left by the hydrophoric acid, and fixed there by the action of heat, so that any design can thus be produced. This process has the advantage of simplicity, and its effects are permanent.

SMOKE CONSUMING LOCOMOTIVE.—The subterranean railway in London is travelled by a newly-invented engine, which, while in the open air, works like a common locomotive, but when in the tunnel, consumes its own smoke, or rather makes none, and by condensing its own steam, gives off not a particle of vapor. It is stated that in a trial trip, as long as this engine remained in the open air it fizzed and simmered like any other locomotive; but the instant it entered the tunnel it condensed its steam, and scarcely a mark of vapor was perceptible, while, from the flues into the smoke-box being damped, not the least smell of smoke was given off—not even the most distant lamps in the long vista down the sides of the tunnel were dimmed in the slightest degree.

FRENCH ARTESIAN WELLS.—A communication has been made to the Paris Academy of Sciences, by M. Gaudin, in which he makes some interesting statements in regard to the artesian wells in the neighborhood of Paris. According to M. Gaudin the stratum of green sandstone interposed between the strata of chalk and limestone, is of the average thickness of fifty metres, consequently taking the depth of five hundred and seventy-seven metres of the artesian well at Passy as a criterion, there remains a depth of twenty-five metres of sand. A cubic metre of sand, closely rammed, weighs sixteen hundred kilogrammes, while compact quartz weighs two thousand five hundred kilogrammes; hence the stratum of sand, even supposing it to be closely packed, has interstices amounting to one third of the bulk in the aggregate, so that every cubic metre of sand under water contains three hundred and thirty-three litres of water. From all the calculations based upon or deducible from the above facts, M. Gaudin concludes that the annual increase of the water is double the quantity expended, and that, therefore, the artesian wells in or about Paris, are, and must ever be, inexhaustible.

LARGE STEAM HAMMER.—A large steam hammer, on the "moving cylinder" principle, has been constructed at Glasgow. The framing consists of two square cast iron columns, having a clear working space of sixteen feet between them, and bound together by a massive horizontal cast iron beam. These two columns are surmounted by a pair of segmental frame pillars, which, conjoined, form a complete semi-circular arch, springing up to a height of twenty three feet from the floor line. The hammer cylinder is cast of the strongest cold blast iron, and weighs upwards of five tons, with a full stroke of six feet. The valves are wrought by means of a small horizontal steam cylinder, to which they are connected, and the attendant has merely to touch gently the slide valve of this miniature engine to put the enormous weight in motion. This hammer, with its anvil, block and sole plate, weighs about eighty tons.

## "A LETTER FROM HOME."

BY C. HENRY ST. JOHN.

Some were sitting—some were standing—
Some were fishing in the lake;
Some were sound asleep and dreaming;
Some were dreaming wide awake;
Some were patching up their tatters;
Some were polishing up their guns;
Some were reading ragged letters;
Some were popping sorry puns;

Each was using his endeavor
Thus to pass the time away;
All were anxious, all were ready,
All were sighing for the "fray,"
When soon there came a murmur,
Like the rising of a gale,—
"Corporal Jones has got a letter
From his sister, by the mail!"

"A letter, boys! a letter!"
And each man was on his feet;
"Corporal Jones has got a letter!"
How we scampered up the "street!"
A letter from New England!
'Twas an angel from the skies,
Some came with eager questions,
Not a few with tearful eyes.

"Now please to read it, Corporal,
Let us hear it—every word."
Yet nothing but the crackle
Of the paper could be heard;
But that alone was music,
And no sweeter seemed to be—
For it brought the leafy rustle
Of our dear old trysting-tree!

With frequent interruption
Does he read it line by line—
How the corn crop is progressing,
And how flourishes the vine;
Then all that father's doing,
And something mother said,
How Sally Brown is wedded,
And Mary Smith is dead.

Too soon the sheet is ended,
How very brief it seems,
But it sets us long a-talking,
And it lengthens out our dreams.
For our feet in fancy wander
O'er the hills we know so well,
And we linger 'neath the roof-tree
Where our heart's affections dwell!

Oh, ye who may not shoulder
A musket in the strife—
Each mother, daughter, sister,
Each matron, maiden, wife—
Let every gale come laden
With the perfume of your love,
And spirits faint and drooping
'Twill to deeds of valor move!

## THE REBELLION.

### THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.

**Progress of Affairs on the Rappahannock.**

Correspondents with the army still continue their accounts of operations on the Rappahannock, though necessarily detached and fragmentary descriptions of what is taking place over a line of fifteen miles. One of them says:

As on Thursday and Friday, so on Saturday, the enemy kept working up toward Warrenton White Sulphur Springs, on the south side of the Rappahannock, with the view of flanking us, and we moved further away from the railroad to battle their design. As on the preceding days, so on Saturday, the grand artillery duel went on from right to left and left to right, the cannonade being heavier now at McDowell's position, now at Sigel's, now at Banks'. We were guarding, and successfully guarding, the whole river bank, and all the fords from Kelly's to Warrenton, and the enemy, with an army of 100 000 to 150,000, had been held in check by Pope with a much inferior numerical force. Their great game was to turn our position, take us in rear, whip us, and then rush on with streaming flags to Washington. Ours, the desperate task of showing fight, and yet not fighting—of playing with our monstrous antagonist until he lost his golden time, and until our reinforcements from Fredericksburg, the Peninsula, and the North would so strengthen us that we could crush his army and capture his capital. If we could save ourselves until Saturday night we were safe. *And the greatest crisis of this war occurred between Thursday morning and Saturday night.* It is passed, and we are safe. Washington is safe, our army is safe, the position is safe. For Pope's artillery is now guarding the line of the Rappahannock, and Fitz John Porter, with a very heavy force, joined Pope on Friday evening, and a host of regiments have joined and are joining him now, by way of Alexandria. And now look for the grand movements of the war within thirty days. Do not forget that Burnside has massed a large army at Fredericksburg, and Pope is nearly or quite as strong as Lee and Jackson, and McClellan is free from the net which—whether self-woven or not—held him in its meshes on the Peninsula.

Some stir was caused in camp—and a thousand more in Washington, I find—by a sudden raid of 250 guerrillas upon Catlett's station, under cover of the night. The devoted band dashed in upon our small collection of men and wagons, and stampeding a lot of sutlers, and servants, and teamsters, burned seven wagons, ran off a number of horses, and took about a hundred prisoners. The most serious part of their business is that they took Gen. Pope's personal baggage and moneys, and all his official papers, correspondence, &c, which happened to be in one of the wagons which had been sent to the rear. The guerrillas of this affair have already been sent you by another correspondent.

In the attack at Catlett's station, twenty supply trains were destroyed, or their contents injured, by the rebels. Many wagons were too wet to burn. Capt. Willard, the Commissary in charge, escaped, remained all night in the woods, and reached Manassas on Saturday.

The skirmishes on the Rappahannock extended over such a long line that it was impossible for our reporters to compile a full list of the casualties. The whole number of our killed and wounded can not be taken precisely, but our G, was one of those. Sergeant Hobensack, of Co. A, had one of his legs broken by a ball. Private Ribbars, of Co. I, was wounded in the shoulder. When the 3d Battalion of 1st New Jersey Cavalry made their final charge, the ground was seen covered with the revolving rifles of the enemy's cavalry, thus showing the extent of their loss. Several officers of the New Jersey Cavalry were wounded. Lieut. Hamilton, of Co. H, was taken prisoner by the Rebels in the fight, but was cut out by the charge of the 3d battalion, and released. Lieut. Stewart, of Co. E, was also taken prisoner, but there are rumors of his escape. Captain Bendrick, of Co. K, without dismounting, picked up a very handsome Colt's revolver, which he intends to keep as a trophy.

VARIOUS INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

A spirited shot was made by the battery of the First Maine on Saturday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, near Rappahannock Station. It was seen to burst directly among a regiment of the enemy's infantry, scattering the men in all directions. Officers with spy-glasses noted the effect and judged that from ten to twelve were instantly killed, and a much larger number wounded.

Several of our wounded of the last few days have been sent to Alexandria and Washington. About 40 were sent to the former place from Bealton yesterday morning. About 80 of the wounded in the battles of two weeks ago are now at Culpeper.

On Thursday, Capt. Schermer's second shot struck a piece of the enemy's, shattering it to pieces and killing or wounding all who were around it. Our infantry, who could plainly see the effect of the shot, gave cheer after cheer.

On Saturday afternoon last Gen. Banks' full force arrived at Warrenton. They were on the right, between Sigel's command and King's Division. They were not pursued by the enemy, and on the news of their approach to that village the whole Rebel force of cavalry which then lay in that vicinity, and which it was their intention of reversing the switch and running back to Warrenton Junction, but the train moving off, he hid in the bushes all night, and in the excitement escaped.

They next drove into the camp of the 1st Pennsylvania Buck tail Rifles, Lieut. Col. Kane commanding in person. The Bucktails numbered 350 men, and were detached from their regiment as a bodyguard to Gens. Pope and McDowell. They were compelled to flee to the woods, but not before they had emptied their rifles, and, reloading again and again, fired from their ambuscade, killing several and wounding a large number. The dead were left upon the field, as well as one of their men—a corporal—who was mortally wounded, and who died this morning. Five of their dead were buried under a large tree on Catlett's farm. The two others were not discovered until this morning, about 11 o'clock, when they were found dead in the wood near the station, one shot in the head and the other in the bowels.

Before the cavalry left, they rifled the private baggage of Gen. Pope, took possession of the horses and mules, and collected together and set fire to everything that was not valuable or too bulky to carry off. A report is in circulation that they stole $50,000 belonging to Gen. Pope, while others say $10,000. Lieut. Colonel Kane, who has recently returned from the prisons of Richmond, is said to be captured as well as several of his command. One of the Bucktails was killed and fifteen wounded.

I have had the good fortune to come across two men of this detachment who were engaged in the affair. Their names are J. D. Barnes and L. S. Bard. Their account differs materially from the above, and, in their own words, is as follows:

We arrived at Catlett's Station last night with Gen. Pope and McDowell's train, and are acting as a body-guard. We number about 125 men. Just after dark, when all our tents were pitched and we were about going to bed, we were attacked by between three and four thousand cavalry, who charged into our camp and commanded us to surrender. We refused, when the enemy fired upon us, galloped over our tents and fired into them. We formed in line of battle, but were overpowered by numbers, and compelled to retreat. They were burning Gen. Pope's private baggage and trains when about a hundred of us collected together, formed in line of battle and charged upon them. This time they retreated, and galloped off in the direction of Warrenton Village.

We pursued them some distance, but for some reason or other they did not stop, though we fired upon them several times. When we were retreating at the first attack, I and Bard were making for the woods, when Gen. Stuart rode after us and ordered us to surrender. We told him to go to h—ll, when he fired twice and then ordered the others to fire, but they all missed us, and we escaped to the bushes. They destroyed all of Gen. Pope's baggage as well as that of his aids, which was in the tents, and took 200 of the finest horses in the army, as well as a large amount of money and Gen. Pope's private papers.

THE ATTACK ON THE PURNELL LEGION.

About the same time, a detachment of about 300 strong, attacked a battalion of the Parnell Legion, companies A, B, C, D and E, commanded by Lieut. Col. Benjamin F. Simpson, Col. Wm. Leonard, Colonel of the regiment, lying sick at the time, in a house near by. Our men had a chain guard out, as well as pickets at the bridge. They made a charge into the midst of the battalion, and commanded them to surrender. Lieut. Col. Simpson, who was in the station at the time, hearing the alarm, started for the door, and while in the act of springing over a fence to join his command, lost his belt and revolver, which he was at the time fastening around his body. His sword was fortunately in his hand, and running toward his men, companies A, E and D, he formed them into a square. The rebels, were, however, in too great a hurry to attack them, giving their whole attention to companies B and C. After ordering them to surrender, some, after firing their pieces, attempted to escape, while the remainder, seeing the overpowering number of the enemy, surrendered themselves as prisoners of war. Two men of company C, named Pollard Wollens and Frederick Simons, were shot dead while attempting to escape. Gen. Lee shot Wollens while the latter was running. He commanded him to stop, when Wollens not complying, Gen. Lee fired at him with his revolver, the ball entering his back, killing him instantly.

The battalion, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Simpson, fired two or three volleys upon the enemy, with deadly effect, as some were seen to fall from their horses. I should here mention that the Bucktails had not the power of killing and wounding the whole of the enemy, as some of the dead rebels afterward were picked up, who were known to have been shot by this battalion. The cavalry then started for the bridge, a short distance below, taking with them between 40 and 50 of our men as prisoners, including Col. Leonard, Lieut. Hogarth, Co. B, 2d Lieut. Brooks, Co. B, and Lieut. Reiniker of Co. A. Capt. Gibson, of Co. A, was missing, but has since returned. Arriving at the railroad bridge, they first arrested a number of soldiers who were guarding trains, and then attempted to set fire to the bridge, but it was too wet to burn; when, giving up the attempt, they put spurs to their horses, and rode at a rapid rate in the direction of Warrenton.

The companies mentioned above were guarding the railroad between Catlett's Station and Warrenton Junction, the remainder guarding the road from the Junction to Bealton, a distance of 11 miles. Two of these companies (H and F) were stationed at Warrenton Junction, as well as a detachment of the First Rhode Island cavalry, under command of Major Sweet. The former were under the commands of Captains Boyle and McAlister of the Parnell Legion, and the whole were anxiously awaiting the appearance of the rebels, who would meet with a warmer reception than they might have bargained for. It was fully expected that an attack would be made at this place, but the recent heavy rains had rendered the creek impassable.

A rebel lieutenant was captured by a man named Jackson, of this regiment, who, after he had gained the shelter of the woods, could not resist the temptation of picking up a large stone, and, throwing it at him, striking him upon the head with such force that he fell senseless to the ground, and was afterward taken to the Junction. This morning he was sent to Washington.

A report is in circulation, and has since been confirmed by others, that early this morning the whole rebel cavalry were surprised and attacked by McDowell's entire force, that they were badly cut up, and that all our captured men and horses have been retaken. The same report also says that the tables have been turned upon them, and that we have taken a large number of prisoners. As our sick men were compelled to ride a horse, I propose that their well men be compelled to ride a rail.

Two of our wounded who were in the raid at Catlett's Station, were on the cars to-night, on their way to Alexandria. Their names are John Feley, Co. A, 1st Ohio, wounded in the foot, and George Wood, Co. F, 7th Indiana, wounded in the leg.

From the various reports which I have heard I am satisfied that the enemy numbered more than one or even two regiments of cavalry. Some has the number of cavalrymen at three thousand, while others report their full force at five thousand strong. The majority in this neighborhood say that the different attacks were made at the same time by detachments from the main force. Gens. Stuart, Lee, and Colonel Robertson were known to be in command of the different detachments, as each was seen and recognized by persons who knew them well.

THE CHARGE MADE BY THE FIRST NEW JERSEY.

Speaking of the charge made by the First New Jersey cavalry, in which half the regiment was captured, a correspondent says:

About 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning last, the First New Jersey cavalry, Harris cavalry, and 1st Rhode Island cavalry, engaged the famous Stuart's cavalry, near Brandy Station, on the other side of the river, driving them back with great loss. Two men of the Harris cavalry, names unknown, were mortally wounded. The First New Jersey lost none in either killed, wounded or missing. In the First Rhode Island the loss is unknown.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the First New Jersey, in covering the retrograde movement of the Harris cavalry, checked the leading squadrons of the enemy by their skirmishers alone, the dust caused by the rebels charging rising in such quantities that they were unable to see our skirmishers, while their leading squadrons went down as one man. A desperate hand to hand fight then ensued, in which the commanding officer of the rebel cavalry was shot by Lieut. Colonel Karge, of the First New Jersey Caval